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and Bystander

OCT. 9, 1957  
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*The TATLER and Bystander*, OCTOBER 9, 1957



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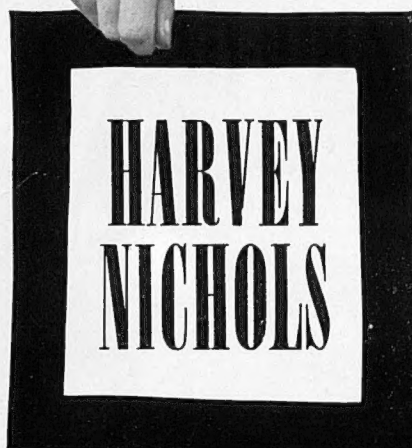
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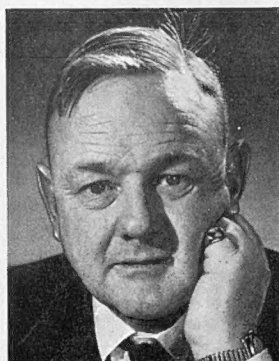


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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 9 to October 16



THE COVER PICTURE this week shows a beautiful example of fur craftsmanship in an "Elysée" model three-quarter length coat by the National Fur Company. Made in Autumn Haze Emba natural brown mutation mink, it has deeply cuffed sleeves and an interesting wide square-cut collar. The dress in alabaster double-knit jersey is by Tricosa. The soft backswept beret in alabaster velvet, circled in mink, is by Dorothy Carlton, 24 gns. at Debenham & Freebody. Guaranteed washable leather gloves by Pittard. Photograph by Noel Mayne

**Oct. 9 (Wed.)** Seventh Chelsea Antiques Fair (to 19th), Chelsea Town Hall.

Second day of the Horse of the Year Show (to 12th), at Harringay.

Dance: Cdr. A. B. Russell and Lady Tredegar for Miss Bridgit Russell, at Claridge's.

Racing at Lingfield Park and York.

**Oct. 10 (Thu.)** Conservative Party Conference (to 12th) at Brighton.

New Forest Pony Sales, Beaulieu Road, Hampshire.

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. C. G. Cubitt and Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for Miss Celia Cubitt and Miss Maxine Scott, at 23 Knightsbridge.

Racing at Lingfield Park and York; steeplechasing at Woore.

**Oct. 11 (Fri.)** Dance: Lady Holcroft for Miss Virginia Holcroft in Shropshire.

Racing at Ascot Heath.

**Oct. 12 (Sat.)** Exhibition of Royal Institute of Oil Painters (to November 7th provisional date), R. I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

Richmond Championship Dog Show at Olympia.

English Folk Music Festival, Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road.

Racing at Ascot Heath, Warwick and Redcar; steeplechasing at Taunton, Wetherby and Ayr.

**Oct. 13 (Sun.)** Oxford Michaelmas Term begins.

Piano recital by Moiseiwitsch, Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

**Oct. 14 (Mon.)** Stroud Religious Drama Festival (to 19th), Stroud, Gloucestershire.

First night: Marcel Marceau at the Cambridge Theatre.

Racing at Warwick: steeplechasing at Ayr, Plumpton and Southwell.

**Oct. 15 (Tue.)** Princess Margaret will perform the opening ceremony of the new National Film Theatre on the South Bank.

Bloodstock sales: Second October Sales (to 18th), at Newmarket.

Dance: Mrs. Lorraine Woollard, for Miss Rosemary Woollard, in London.

Racing at Newmarket (Middle Park Stakes).

**Oct. 16 (Wed.)** International Motor Show (to 26th) at Earls Court.

Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Autumn Cattle Show, Jersey.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Autumn Show (to 18th), Balmoral, Belfast.

Association Football: England v. Rumania (under twenty-threes) Floodlit match, at Wembley.

First night: The Judy Garland Show at the Dominion Theatre.

Dance: Mrs. W. A. A. Greenwell and Mrs. Patrick Maxtone

Graham for Miss Eve Greenwell and Miss Susan Smartt at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newmarket (Cesarewitch); steeplechasing at Cheltenham.



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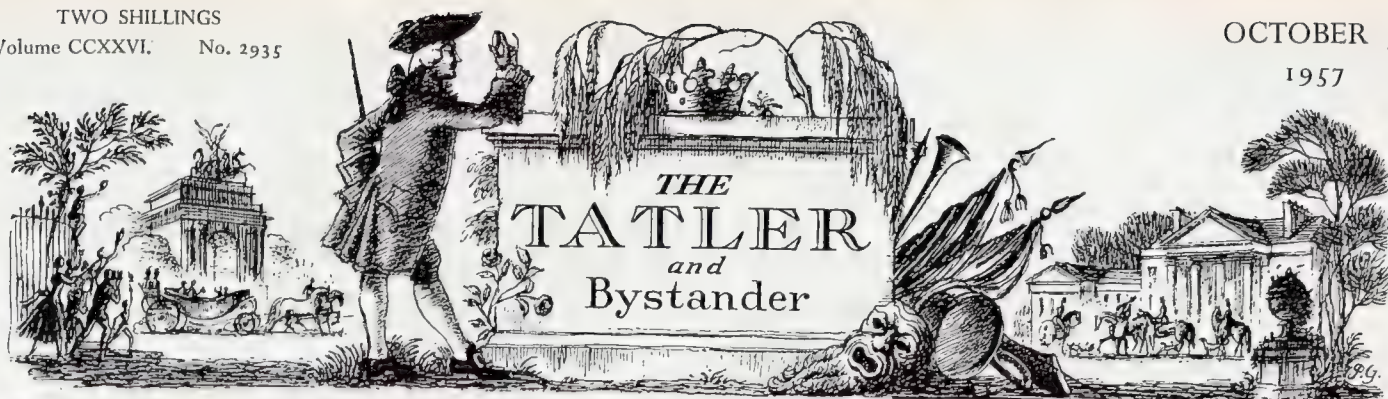
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Marcus Adams

## Portrait of Lord Hemphill's daughter

THE HON. ANGELA MARY MARTYN HEMPHILL is the four-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Hemphill, whose younger child, Charles, was born in 1954. Lord Hemphill is the fifth Baron and succeeded his father in

March this year. His wife, whom he married in 1952, is the daughter of Major Robert Francis Rutledge, M.C., of Cloonee, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo. The family home of the Hemphills is at Tulira, Ardahan, Co. Galway, Ireland



## MRS. RAILING WITH MARK

THE infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Railing was christened Mark John at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, W.2, recently. He had five god-parents; Mr. Robin McEwen, for whom Mr. John Lyle Cameron stood proxy, Sir Charles McLeod, Bt., Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Roger Manners standing proxy, Mrs. Simon Fraser, for whom Miss Joan Railing was proxy, and Mrs. Henry Wollaston. The baby is here seen with Mrs. Railing at their home in Chepstow Place, London, W.2



Barry Swash

### Social Journal

Jennifer

## IRAQI EMBASSY CELEBRATION

THE Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zeid al-Hussein gave a most delightful dinner party to celebrate the engagement of King Feisal of Iraq and Princess Fazilet, daughter of Prince Mehmet Ali Ibrahim and Princess Hanzade, at the fine Iraqi Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens.

Large vases of beautiful flowers were to be seen everywhere—in the lofty entrance hall with its soft and delightful murals, and in the long suite of ground floor reception rooms. The Princess, who looked very charming in a deep ruby red satin and chiffon dress, received the guests with her husband who had only arrived from Baghdad by air a few hours before the dinner. Their very charming son Prince Raad, who is a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, was there to help his parents who were quite wonderful in the way they introduced all their friends, who must have numbered nearly a hundred.

Dinner, which included many delicious hot Middle East and Far East dishes as well as Western dishes all specially chosen and supervised by Princess Zeid (a hostess who always achieves perfection), was served at a long buffet, and guests sat at small round tables for six, lit by candles with deep pink shades. After dinner everyone was able to admire many of the fine pictures of the abstract school painted by Princess Zeid, who is a very fine artist and has exhibited in London, Paris and New York. As she told me, with her many official duties she does not have much time for painting, perhaps one day a week.

Among guests I met at this most enjoyable party where everyone, especially those from Iraq, were expressing pleasure at the engagement of King Feisal, were his gay and amusing Lord Chamberlain H.E. Tashin Kadry who was over here for a short visit, and Sir Michael Wright, our Ambassador in Baghdad, and Lady Wright looking most attractive in black velvet, who are home on leave. Other members of the Diplomatic Corps I met included the Moroccan Ambassador and his good-looking wife, the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi, and their daughter Mme. Hirahara who is also a talented artist and has a studio at her home in Paris. The Sudanese Ambassador

and Mme. Satti were others I met, also the Turkish Ambassador, the Lebanese Ambassador and Mme. El-Ahdab who looked very chic in a short evening dress of black and gold brocade. Also Sir William and Lady Hayter, M. and Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, Major-Gen. J. M. L. Renton and his charming sister, Mrs. Vickers, Sir Harry and Lady Sinderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper—he was at one time chargé d'affaires in Baghdad, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Ross who have recently returned from Rome, and Sir Francis and Lady Humphrys.

★ ★ ★

MRS. HUBERT RAPHAEL recently gave a most enjoyable farewell party at the Dorchester for her daughter Miss Wendy Raphael, who was leaving a few days later for a six months visit to Australia, with her uncle and aunt General Sir Dallas Brooks, Governor of Victoria, and Lady Brooks, who came to the party with their son-in-law and daughter, Cmdr. and Mrs. Robin Byrne. Dancing took place in the foyer, and supper was served in the Crystal Room at tables with clusters of pink roses on pink tablecloths lit by pink candles. Lady Pulbrook, who did the floral arrangements for Wendy's coming-out dance, also did them for this party. In the Gold Room which was used for sitting out, vines were arranged around the walls and in four corners were Cupids holding bunches of pink and red roses.

Among older friends who came to wish Wendy a very happy trip were Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Lord and Lady Chesham and their daughter Joanna, Lord and Lady Swinfen, Mr. Bryan and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who have now gone up to Scotland to stalk, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, Sir William and Lady Carr, and Lady Sheila Durlacher and her son and daughter Jim and Elizabeth. Other young friends who also enjoyed an amusing cabaret included the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Miss Sally and Miss Susan O'Dwyer, Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Gay Lowson, Miss Tessa Milne, Miss Angela Dance, the Hon. Clodagh Morris and her brother Michael, Mr. William Carr, Mr. John Adams, Mr. David Ashton-Bostock, Baron William and Baron Alexander de



Gelsey, Lady Angela Cecil and her fiancé Mr. Mike Oswald, and Wendy's half-sister and brother Miss Heather Turner-Laing, and Mr. Graham Turner-Laing with his fiancée Miss Gillian Clark.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE not enjoyed an evening in the theatre for a long time as much as I did at the Phoenix Theatre on the first night of Lesley Storm's new comedy *Roar Like A Dove*. Brilliantly acted, cast and produced, I found it a great relaxation from the daily worries and a joy to see. I think my feelings were those of most people in the theatre. At the end the applause was tremendous, and there were cries of "Author" from all over the house. But Miss Storm, who is a very shy, modest and charming person, did not appear.

It was a very well-dressed and smart audience. In the stalls I saw Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, the latter very good looking in black, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee, Mrs. Marie Livingstone from Sydney with Cdr. and Mrs. Anthony Kimmins, who are soon off to Australia where he is going to make another film, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller who had arrived by air a few hours earlier after a visit to Mittersill and Vienna. Also there were Lord and Lady Gifford, Mrs. Bea Moresby, Lady Olivier who arrived in time for the last act, which she watched from a box, and vivacious Googie Withers whose husband John McCallum plays the lead in the play opposite the attractive American actress Anne Kimbell.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Torquay for the St. John County Ball in aid of the Devon St. John Ambulance Association and Brigade, which took place at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay. Between four and five hundred guests were received in the large ballroom by the County President of St. John, the Earl of Fortescue, who is Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire, with Countess Fortescue looking charming in a pastel brocade dress, and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, Superintendent-in-Chief St. John Ambulance Brigade, who looked very chic in a long black satin evening dress with the deep pink ribbon of the Order of the Grand Cross of the British Empire and her impressive row of decorations, with a fine diamond necklace and other jewels. The ballroom was decorated with clusters of coloured balloons and the very attractive and inspiring St. John posters painted by Anna Zinkeisen. In the foyer of the hotel, a tombola was arranged with a great number of prizes, which had all been presented for the occasion; this realized a good sum for the Brigade, as did a raffle for a number of other attractive prizes.

At midnight there was a parade, compèred by Mr. Eric Payne, of magnificent jewels valued at a quarter of a million pounds, which had been very kindly lent for the occasion by the Crown Jewellers, Messrs. Garrard & Co. of Regent Street, who had sent them down by train with members of their staff. They were worn and displayed by six very kind ladies who live in the neighbourhood. Lady Twysden who looked exceptionally chic in a midnight blue satin sheath dress, wore a sapphire and diamond, and a ruby and diamond set, both of great value and exquisite workmanship. Mrs. Hugh Goodson looking most attractive in silver and white brocade, showed a superb aquamarine and diamond set (she was frequently answering enquiries about her husband, who had a yachting accident recently from which he has happily made a very good recovery). The Mayoress of Torquay in a white evening dress displayed a fine diamond set including a magnificent tiara, and others who wore lovely sets of jewels in the parade were Mrs. J. E. Astley, Mrs. Llewellyn, and Mrs. Wynne-Griffiths. Later the jewels were on view in a private room with a magnificent emerald, diamond and pearl brooch pendant in a glass case which had been kindly lent for the occasion by the Queen Mother.

Others who came to the ball to help this very good cause were the Mayor of Torquay, Sir Henry and Lady Imbert-Terry, Brig. Sir Ralph and Lady Rayner, Sir William Twysden, Sir William and Lady Williams, Brig. and Mrs. C. E. A. Browning, Lt.-Col. Bacon the Chief Constable of Devon, who was chairman of the ball committee, Lady Crookshank, Lady Sebright, Brig. and Mrs. Hudson, General Denning, Major T. W. Gracey, County Commissioner of St. John, and Mrs. Gracey, whom earlier in the evening I had met working hard putting finishing touches to display boards, and Major Grant who organized the ball.

I was sad to have to leave the glorious sunshine of Torquay, and the comfort of the Imperial Hotel, early next morning. When I had arrived late in the afternoon, guests in the hotel, which is one of the most modern and luxurious in the country, were sitting out on the terrace, or sunbathing down below; two enthusiasts were even bathing in the sea in spite of it being nearly October! This hotel, which is right on the sea, provides (beside the greatest comfort) more sunshine than most places right through the winter months, and the head chef, Mr. William True, keeps the standard of cooking at the very top. The dinner he produced before the ball, in spite of about three hundred guests dining, was a dream, ending with a superb hot soufflé timed to the second!

(Continued overleaf)



The wedding took place at St. Michael's, S.W.1, of Mr. John Abel Smith, son of Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith and the Hon. Mrs. Rollo, and Miss Ruth Huggins, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Huggins, of Crondall, Hampshire



The bride's young attendants included Gay, Jane and Doon McKinney, Anne Abel Smith, Robin Cayzer and Ian Reid





Van Hallan

**The Society of Yorkshiremen** in London gave a cocktail party at the Mansion House. Above: receiving the guests were Mrs. Trowsdale, Lord Milner of Leeds, President of the Society, Lady Welch, Sir Cullum Welch, Lord Mayor of London, Lady Milner, and Mr. A. G. Trowsdale, Chairman of the Society

My reason for leaving Torquay so early next morning was to get back to London and down to Sussex in time to see the last motor race meeting of the season at Goodwood, where the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has one of the best run and most up-to-date motor race tracks in the country. On a warm sunny autumn afternoon the spectators, who were not as numerous as I anticipated, saw a splendid afternoon's racing. The big race of the meeting, Formula II for the Woodcote Cup, was won by Mr. Roy Salvadori driving a Cooper-Climax at an average of 94.43 miles an hour, after a splendid duel with Mr. J. Brabham who was also driving a Cooper-Climax. The next race for Unlimited Sports Cars with a Le Mans type start, which always adds amusement for spectators, was won by that fine driver, Mr. Archie Scott-Brown, driving a Lister-Jaguar. Incidentally, Jaguars filled the first three places in this race. The next item was when the greatest British driver of the moment, Mr. Stirling Moss, drove the famous Vanwall Special, in which he had won so magnificently in Italy recently, several times round the track, on one lap equalling the previous lap record for Goodwood.

In the next event, the Marque Sports Car Scratch Race, there was a neck-and-neck struggle for several laps between Mr. J. F. Dalton in an Austin-Healey, and Mr. R. Carnegie in an M.G.A., the former finally being the winner. The final item of the programme, the September Sports Car Handicap, included two lady drivers among about twenty starters. They were Mrs. Joan Bloxham who went off first in a very smart dark red Aston Martin, and Miss Patsy Burt, daughter of that fine pre-war driver, the late Mr. Eric Burt, driving a Cooper-Climax. Miss Burt, who drove magnificently, won the race from Mr. R. Mackenzie-Low in an Elva-Climax, with Mr. K. A. Greene also driving a Cooper-Climax third.

There were, happily, no serious mishaps during the afternoon, and everyone enjoyed a programme of excellent racing. Both the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who take the keenest personal interest in the motor racing, were there; the Duke, who is President of the British Automobile Racing Club, has often competed in motor races himself. Other former fine drivers present were Lord Essendon, Lord Selsdon who was one of the observers, and Mr. Tony Rolt who

had come down from his home in Warwickshire with his wife. I also met Lady Selsdon, Lord and Lady Chesham who were just off for a quiet holiday in Majorca, their attractive daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, the very efficient course controller, Major Howie who runs the very successful miniature railway between Hythe and New Romney, Mr. Jim Elwes, Mr. Alan Burn, and Mr. Gordon, who was one of the crew of the Mayflower II on her recent voyage to the United States. He was showing friends some interesting photographs of the journey. Among younger spectators, many of whom went on to Goodwood Cottage later for a cocktail party given by Mrs. Ralph Hubbard to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her daughter, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, were Mr. Michael Elwes, Mr. Simon Stourton, the Hon. "Minty" Yarde-Buller, Mr. Tim Thornton, Mr. Robin Gage, Mr. Peter Durlacher, Miss Anne Conworth Fish and her fiancé Mr. Shaun Bealey.

★ ★ ★

MISS RUTH HUGGINS, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Huggins, wore a beautiful white satin wedding dress with a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara and made a really lovely bride when she married Mr. Billy Abel Smith, son of Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith and the Hon. Mrs. William Rollo, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. She was given away by her father and attended by three grown up bridesmaids, her sister Miss Cherry Huggins, Miss Sally Probart-Jones who designed the bride's lovely wedding dress, and Miss Mary Vachell. They all wore long dresses of angel skin with white head-dresses trimmed with a single red rose. There were six child attendants, the bride's three little nieces Gay McKinney, Jane McKinney and Doon McKinney, also Anne Abel Smith with Robin Cayzer and Ian Reid. The little girls were in long white dresses with red velvet sashes and circlets of red and white flowers in their hair, and the little boys wore red cummerbunds with their white suits. Mr. Ian Cameron was best man. After the ceremony Sir John and Lady Huggins held a reception at 23 Knightsbridge, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. The bride's brother-in-law and eldest sister, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKinney, had flown over from their home in Nassau for the wedding with their three little daughters, who were bridesmaids.

Among the guests at the wedding, I met Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mrs. Lockwood, Lady Robinson, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Berington talking to Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, the Hon. William Rollo, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Lord Patrick Beresford, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, and many more.

★ ★ ★

THE Scottish social season has now come to an end. Hosts with parties for shooting have in most cases been fortunate in having plenty of grouse on their moors. There have been the usual Highland Games and Gatherings all over the country, foremost among these of course being Braemar, which was attended by the Queen, Prince Philip, their children Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and their house party from Balmoral. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret brought their house party from Birkhall which included the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury. Also present on this occasion were the veteran Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord and Lady Carnegie, Capt. and Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld and their very big house party, the Earl and Countess of Caithness, and Lord and Lady Adam Gordon.

After dark there was much entertaining, too. There were the hardy annuals such as the balls at Portree, the Aboyne Ball which the Marchioness of Huntly runs so very well, the Donside Ball for which once again Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray kindly lent Dunecht, the Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness which was attended this year by Princess Margaret, the two Perth Hunt Balls and finally the Angus Ball. There have also been quite a lot of private dances. Hostesses for these included Viscountess Younger of Leckie, Mrs. John Logan, and Mrs. Allan Wallace who gave a joint dance at the latter's charming house in Stirlingshire for their daughters the Hon. Rosalind Younger, Miss Anne Logan and Miss Rosemary Wallace. Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson gave a very gay ball at Invercauld for her débutante daughter Miss Marybelle Gordon, the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay gave one for her daughter Miss Jane Lindsay in Edinburgh, and three balls in Perthshire began with the one Mrs. Drummond of Megginch gave for her daughter Miss April Drummond at Megginch Castle. The two other hostesses were Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton of Monzie for her daughter Miss Veronica Maitland Makgill Crichton, at Monzie Castle, and Mrs. Drummond Moray of Abercairny for her daughter Miss Lucy Drummond Moray, at Abercairny.

Among those who have been entertaining family and friends in their Scottish homes are the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, who had their five sons with them at Lennoxlove, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inveraray before they left for Italy, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe at Floors, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere at Mertoun, the Marquess and Marchioness





Mr. Robin Gage talking to  
Miss Jill Maxwell

Mr. N. Plunket-Checkemian,  
Miss Elizabeth Durlacher



Mr. David Wingfield, Miss Judy Power and Mr. John  
Dalton were among the guests

of Huntly at Aboyne, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray at Dunecht, Sir Francis and Lady Grant at Monymusk, Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven at Rickarton House, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield at Logie Almond, the Earl and Countess Cadogan who have had a house full of their young family and friends for a couple of months at Murthly, and Lord and Lady Forteviot at Dupplin Castle.

Among young people who have been enjoying these festivities are the Duke of Atholl, Viscount Hereford, the Hon. Mary-Anne Gretton, Lady Malvina Murray, Mr. Robin and Mr. Alistair Hoyer-Millar—their attractive sister Elizabeth is away in America—Viscount Chelsea, Lady Daphne Cadogan, the Hon. Susan Bridgeman, Miss Anne Abel Smith and her fiancé Mr. David Liddell-Grainger, Lord Farnham, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Gillian Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, the Hon. Sandra Monson, Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Jacqueline Ansley, Miss Norena Stewart-Clark, the Hon. Greville Napier and Mr. Alan Macintosh.

★ ★ ★

THE Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have each sent a gift for the Treasure Sale which is being held in aid of funds for Guildford's new cathedral. It is being held at Clondon Park by permission of the Earl of Onslow and the National Trust on October 11 and 12, starting each day at 11 a.m. The sale includes jewellery, old English silver, furniture, glass, porcelain, paintings, wines and cigars, and the articles will be on view today from 2 to 8 p.m., and on Thursday, October 10, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mrs. Edward des Graz has once again taken on the chairmanship of the Florence Nightingale Hospital dinner ball at the Park Lane Hotel on November 20, in aid of the Florence Nightingale Hospital. Tickets from the Appeal Secretary at the hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, N.W.1.

Your Christmas letters and parcels look much gayer if you send them out sealed with a Christmas label. There are most attractive ones on sale in aid of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Buy these early from the Duchess of Portland, N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, W.C.1.



Desmond O'Neill

## COMING-OF-AGE PARTY

MR. AND MRS. RALPH HUBBARD gave a cocktail party to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of Mrs. Hubbard's daughter, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, at their nice home, The Cottage, on the Goodwood Estate. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard with Joanna



Mr. Michael Elwes with Miss  
Jan Leggat

Mrs. Bloxham, the racing  
driver, and Mr. R. F. Bloxham





*Cdr. W. Threlfall and Miss Honor Durose receive their cups from  
Air Vice-Marshal C. T. Maclean*



*Mr. B. Bowring, the noted South African player, and Miss J. A. Covell*

## CIRENCESTER TENNIS

AN open tournament, which included the Gloucestershire Singles Championships, was held at the Cirencester Lawn Tennis Club. The week's events attracted a record and countrywide entry, many leading players taking part



*Mrs. E. M. Douglass and  
Mrs. J. Wilde*



*Miss B. Horton, Miss H. Newberry, Mrs. F. Lidderdale*



*G/Capt. G. F. Lerwill and Mrs. Lerwill*



*Mrs. Peter Heaton with Sara Jane and Mark*



*F/Lt. A. I. Alder, Miss E. King, F/Lt. F. C. Wright*



*Mrs. Edyvean after her finals match with Miss A. Read (right)*





Miss N. Boehm shooting during an afternoon session



Mr. Frank Petty, Mrs. W. M. Simpson and Mrs. A. Barnsdale



Van Hallan

## ARCHERY AT HURLINGHAM

THE 1957 competition for the much-coveted Ilkley Arrow, a magnificent silver arrow cast in 1768, was shot for by woman toxophilites at the Hurlingham Club. A large number of competitors enjoyed an excellent day's shooting. Above: The archery competition in progress



Mrs. E. V. Ogle and Mrs. D. M. Edwards check the score

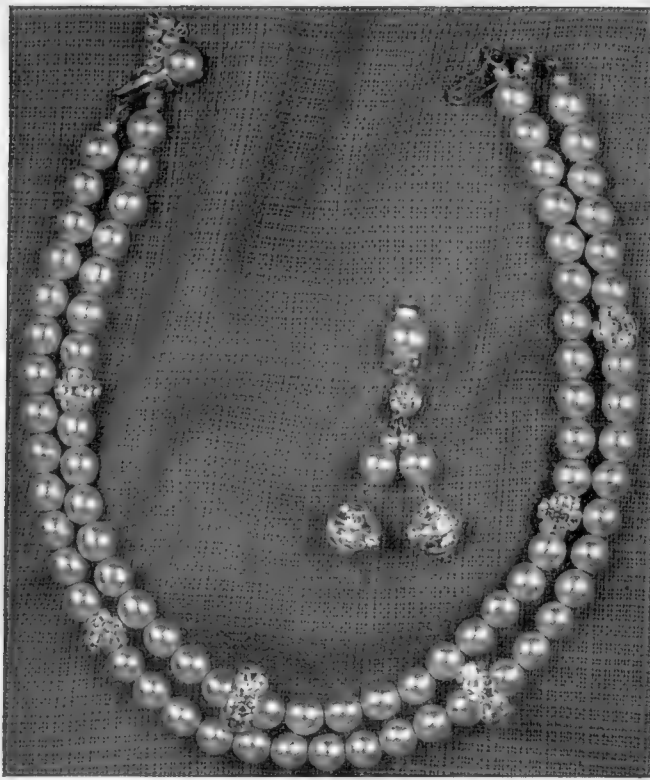


Miss J. M. Mitchell, the winner of the Ilkley Arrow

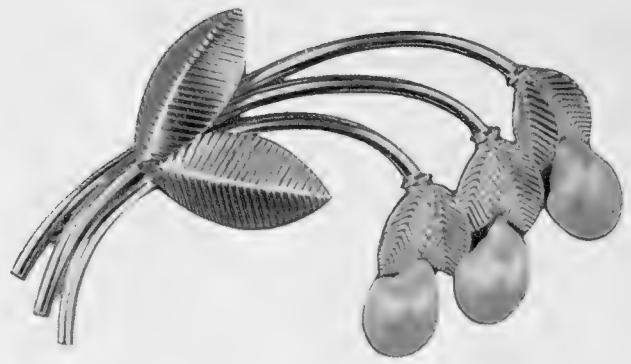


Mrs. Beryl Taylor competing in the morning session





A necklace and matching pendant earclips of imitation pearls with paste-set roundels



A modern brooch set with three cultured baroque pearls in gold

## MANY A FAIR PEARL...

*EDWARD SELBY writes of the precious sea-stone, and how, with its synthetic variants, it is brought by many paths to the adornment of beauty*

THERE is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be." The words were written by Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter, in the sixteenth century. They still convey, as well as anyone can, the real mystery of the gemstone and the pearl—their source.

The origin of a pearl is a parasite, or an irritant such as a grain of sand, which lodges in the oyster and over which concentric layers of nacreous substance are deposited. This substance, from which the pearl is formed, is basically identical with the lining of the inner shell of the oyster which we call "mother-of-pearl." It is a curious fact that this lovely gem with its pure lustre is the product of disease. A healthy oyster bears no pearls. For this reason pearl divers make straight for those oysters which have irregular or stunted appearance. They are the more likely to be pearl-bearing.

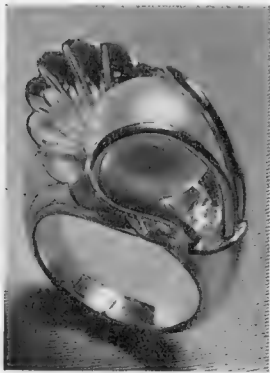
The perfect round pearl which is the most sought after is one which has grown inside the oyster's tissues. Other types of pearl include the "baroque," which is irregularly shaped because it has grown around some uneven intrusion in the oyster such as a grain of wood or a minute piece of stone. Baroque pearls are not particularly fashionable today, although during the Renaissance jewellers sought them out and prized them for their curious shapes. They loved to weave fanciful figures around them and, in doing so, created some masterpieces of the jeweller's art.

Two other types of pearl are the "blister" and the "button." The blister pearl is hollow-bodied and semi-circular in shape. It is caused by the attacks of small parasites which bore their way through the oyster's shell, and against which the oyster protects itself with a barrier of nacre. The button pearl is one which, during the course of its growth, has accidentally become fixed to the shell of the oyster and has thus remained flat on one side, while growing rounded on the other. In their structure all real pearls are almost exactly like an onion, being a mass of concentric layers—the amount of the layers being dependent on the age of the oyster.

FOND as I am of oysters, it is most unlikely that I shall ever open one in this country and find a pearl inside, for the true pearl-bearing oyster is a native of warm seas. The Persian Gulf has always been the world's principal source of pearls—the term "Orient" pearl so often found in old English poetry shows that the writers were well acquainted with the pearl's source of origin. Ceylon, parts of the South American coastline (where black pearls are found) and certain areas off Australia are additional sources known and worked by the modern pearl diver.

There *are* pearls, however, to be found in British waters—but not in the sea. These are freshwater pearls, products of the pearl mussel. They have been found for centuries in northern rivers such as the Tay and the Spey. Even in Roman times they were known for their quality. They formed—along with the peerless but pearl-less oysters of Colchester—one of this island's principal exports to Imperial Rome. These freshwater pearls are small, of good colour, and are still used in modern jewellery. The Victorian jeweller was particularly fond of them, and they will often be found as surrounds to a brooch, or in pendant ear-rings of nineteenth-century workmanship.

"She's nearly as cultured as her pearls!" A famous hostess of the twenties thus dismissed a well-known lady novelist of the time. Cultured pearls began to be imported into England in considerable numbers after World War One, but they



A large cultured pearl (left) is set in an unusual gold ring with a shell



A fine example of a black pearl mounted in a ring (right), the surround being of baguette diamonds, shoulders brilliant and baguette



Three modern designs for freshwater pearls interspaced with diamond-paste

were not a new discovery, as has sometimes been claimed. The Chinese (always first in nearly everything) had been cultivating pearls artificially ever since the thirteenth century.

What was new was the scientific application of this artificial technique by the Japanese, Dr. Mikimoto. After exhaustive experiments Mikimoto found out the best methods for breeding and rearing pearl oysters. He also discovered that the ideal core for a "cultured" pearl was no more nor less than a small bead made of mother-of-pearl itself. The importance of this discovery was that—unlike the Chinese system which was based on introducing foreign irritants into the oyster—the Japanese cultured pearl was entirely composed of natural nacre. It was artificial in the sense that the bead was artificially introduced, and it produced a pearl that was of less value than a real one because the centre was quite a large bead. However, it caused a drop in natural pearl prices from which the market has never quite recovered.

A problem that puzzles many buyers of cultured pearls is why one "cultured" necklace should cost more than another, although to the casual eye they look identical. This is because in one case the pearl deposit is thin and laid over a large bead core. In the other case, that of the better quality necklace, there is only a small artificial core over which many more years of nacreous deposit have been laid. The quality of cultured pearls depends very largely on the length of time the mother-of-pearl bead has been left to develop in the oyster.

IN recent years one of the most successful developments of the fashion jeweller has been the imitation pearl—the "pearl" which makes no pretence to be anything other than a piece of costume jewellery. Again, these are not new in themselves for fine imitation pearls were being made in Paris by a jeweller named Jacquin as early as 1680.

Modern imitation pearls, like those of Jacquin, derive their sheen from fish-scale silver, but the extract, known as *guanin*, is mixed with nitro-cellulose and forms a solution into which plastic or solid glass beads are dipped. Just as with the cultured pearl, the amount of deposit determines the quality of the imitation pearl. A really good quality imitation pearl may have a great many successive coatings of *guanin*, and its life will be correspondingly longer than its thinly coated brother. Coloured imitation pearls are obtained by the addition of pigments to the *guanin* solution.

Since the war the pearl—whether real, cultured or imitation—has been the most consecutively popular item of jewellery in this country. The "New Look" brought back pearl chokers, bracelets, and pendant pearl ear-rings, and throughout the past ten years, in one form or another, the pearl has been in fashion. The revival of the "Twenties Look" means that the pearl now faces competition in the form of beads—amber beads, jade beads, and coloured glass beads. There are signs, however, from the boutiques of the large fashion houses—and most of them nowadays have jewellery made to their own design—that the pearl is being fitted into the new styles by using it in combination with beads, or gilt metal, or gold. The fashion world is, of course, concerned only with cultured or imitation pearls. The well-matched necklace of real pearls remains, as it has always done, "outside" fashion. Even a diamond necklace may be reset or redesigned to catch the mood of a new era, but the genuine pearl is almost the only article of jewellery which remains eternally fashionable.

There is no difficulty in telling the imitation pearl from the cultured, or the real. Even a very good imitation will reveal at the "bore hole" the bead core. Distinguishing good cultured pearls from real ones is another matter, and calls for the expert.

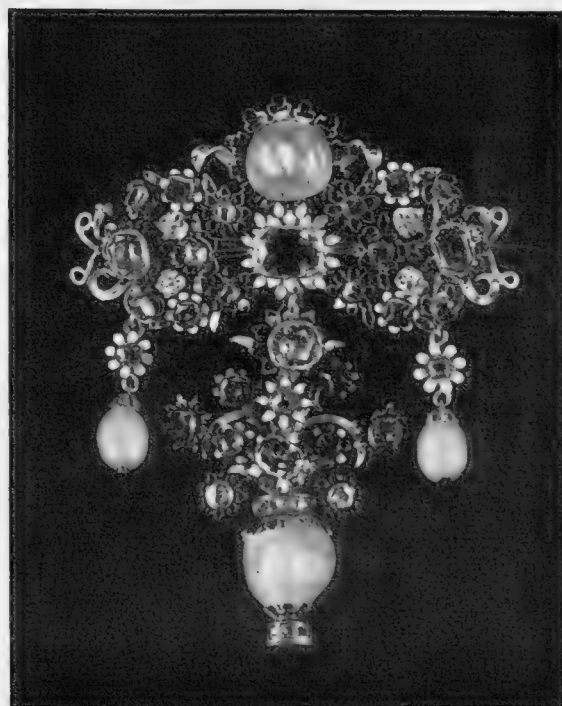
Although, in the past, even experts have been deceived, they have at their disposal nowadays a machine called the eidoscope which can quickly detect even the best cultured pearl from a real one.



A finely matched single-strand necklace of perfect pearls, with a large brilliant diamond clasp



This sixteenth-century Mermaid pendant of enamelled gold with two smaller pendant pearls shows the Renaissance craftsman's use of the strangely shaped baroque pearl



A seventeenth-century Italian brooch of matched pearls, large irregular pearls, gold, enamel and gems





Tony Armstrong Jones  
JOYCE GRENFELL opened a short season of her inimitable solo sketches at the Lyric Theatre, Hammer-smith, last night. She is appearing for three weeks only, and it is probable that she will take her show to New York afterwards, for her wit and comedy are as appreciated on Broadway as they are in Britain

## Roundabout

**David Blunt**

# THE HORSE KEEPS PUTTING ITS HOOF IN

I COUNT myself a peaceable fellow, and always wish to be on the right side of the law. In fact, it is even a habit I am proud to have acquired.

Or was. For I have been commanded to appear at Bow Street next month to defend myself—or more prudently, in self-defence, to plead guilty—against the accusations of the law. What had I done? Simply parked my car where it incommoded nobody, opposite St. Clement Danes, right back by the horse trough. Now, at this point there is room on a conservative estimate (and I am a conservative) for up to a dozen cars right off the road.

Who then, I asked the policeman, was I inconveniencing? "Ah, Sir, you're blocking the poor horses' trough." Poor horses, forsooth, but not poor private motorist, harried and taxed, hounded and fined. Anyway, to see a horse in the Strand these days requires eyesight so acute as to be practically visionary. They are an almost forgotten race. I suggested that satisfaction all round could be gained if, at this drinking trough, the police placed a sign indicating that at St. Mary's-le-Strand a short distance down the Strand was another, more accessible trough.

"We couldn't do that, Sir! The Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association would object."

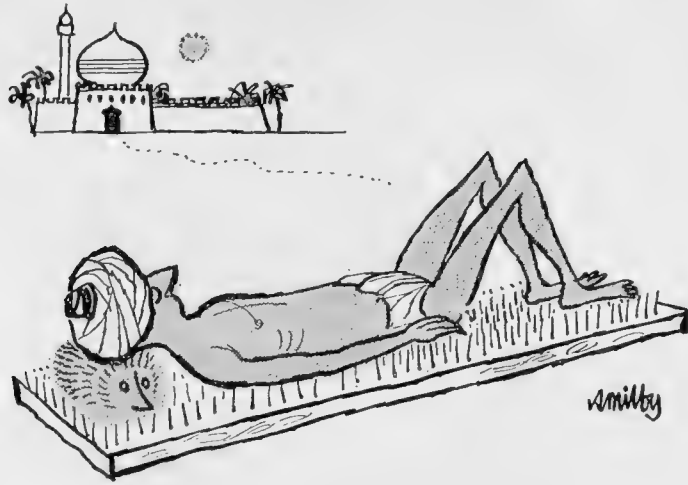
Now what is this association that years after horses were superseded in London it still retains its old trappings about the streets? What master-stroke of bye-law making is in its con-

stitution that enables it virtually to prevent motorists parking on space that would ease a little traffic congestion? That the association did good work in its day I'm absolutely certain. But are their palliatives—these troughs—not preventing a cure? For surely the horse's lot would be bettered if it were discouraged from mixing it with the heat, stench and clangour of battle that is London traffic.

WE must face the truth. Man's Old Friend, God's Noblest Creature, is our slave labour. A liberation movement must be started, and here I know I have every golden haired moppet yelling "Cry havoc" behind me.

City life today is bad enough for city folk, but for horses, blinkered, enshafed, startled by cars backfiring or braking vehemently, city life must be like a riot centre. It is all very different from the rich old leisurely days when an equine cosmopolitan society existed. Clydesdale neighed to Percheron; Welsh cob whinnied to Cleveland Bay. Then a horse did not feel a pariah, or wonder if he would soon know what it felt like to be a dodo. For a horse, London today must be a dog's life.

The kindest solution would be for the Commissioners of Police to ban all horses from the centre of London. Horses would be grateful, motorists would be pleased, and the horse troughs could be taken over by the park authorities to grow scarlet geraniums in.



## HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE

A hapless wight  
Was King Canute  
His demonstration  
Bore no fruit.  
Because he would not  
Move his seat  
Of course he wet  
The royal feet.  
And though the story  
Wasn't told,  
He must have caught  
A royal cold.

—PRENDERGAST

THIS almost complete supersession of horses by other forms of transport in big cities is surprisingly recent. In my prewar childhood in Hampstead, horses were a common form of transport, hauling beer and coal drays. But that those days had their drawbacks is known to anyone who has seen cart-horses lose their footing and come down in the road.

With what a thump they tumbled. It is as though part of the universe has failed, and fallen before one. The ground shakes, the air is full of great splayed feet kicking hysterically, bared teeth snap and gnash in petulant humiliation, and great wrenching weights of horse flesh rocket around as in a cosmic upheaval. The traffic screeches and scatters like terrified hens with a fox among them, and a great circle is formed about the threshing, struggling mass of horse and harness and disintegrating dray. To the cowardly, among whom I unhesitatingly number myself, no place seems safe.

As a child, though, I took other people's bravery with equanimity. It never surprised me that people had the courage to sit on a horse's head. In youthful reflection none were cooler than I. Now I'm not so sure. I'm quite relieved that the occasion never arises these days. For I know that in the circumstances I should mind my own business as I've been taught, but so rarely practised.

Once down these creatures, so hale and hearty on four feet, are like felled heavyweight boxers. Unable to get up themselves, they seem to have no means of being raised, no handles like seamen's chests; no places for lifting tackle to be hooked on to; no spot to jack up even. Nor will jollying them along help. A lash from a leg like a pile-driver, an express single-ticket to Kingdom Come, is the only likely response. I never saw an animal successfully raised to its legs again. And to this day I secretly believe that everybody finally sneaked away and left it to the road sweeper.

Now if our young police officers had things like that on which to exercise their powers of command, life for the motorist would be a lot easier. Bring on the horses!

My Nanny was not a gorgon all the time. A seven-day week even then was unfashionable. On such occasions we would descend from the snug heights of Hampstead, and taste the heady excitements of the West End. With my Nanny's firm—should I not claim hypnotic?—eye no longer upon me I have since plunged deeper into the *divertissements* that the capital has to offer those who know where to seek. But can I honestly say my sense of excitement and of pleasure was acuter than when Hamleys, Peter Robinson or Harrods were the high spots in a round of gaiety that was as cheap as it was amusing.

They were the only occasions when I can recall Nanny wilting. Invincible in bombazine she may have been but I can vouch that in grasping the simple mechanics of 000 gauge railway layout she was intolerably dense. She only wanted tea.

Tea *per se* held no interest for us; we didn't need reviving. If anything we required quietening: brandy and morphia in equal or alternate doses was probably what the family doctor would have ordered. But her gimmick, which always worked, was to suggest tea on the roof garden of one of the city's emporiums.

To children there was something infinitely romantic about having tea among the smuts of London's upper air, while my heart has never since lifted in quite the same way, as then it did, to the sight of acres of grimy chimney pots. To us the roof was obviously the deck of a ship; else why the pipes and protuberances, the thinly disguised air vents, the gusts of hot air or steam from shafts? How fortunate it was that we were not allowed any form of firearm. Otherwise the temptation to fire a broadside at the upper deck typists in the Q-ship Pentworthly across the Oxbridge Straits would have been irresistible. We were Teddy boys before their time!

One bright little number we longed to execute was to lob hand grenades (chocolate-sauce covered vanilla ices) over the parapet edge. Unfortunately our supplies never outran our appetites. But just as well, for small boys there is no freedom of the skies either, and retribution can be terrible!



BRIGGS

by Graham





*Miss Rosita Fisher, for whom the dance  
was given*



*Miss Edwina Sandys and Mr. Michael Peto  
in the drawing-room*



*Miss Penelope Hill with Mr.  
Oliver Gates*



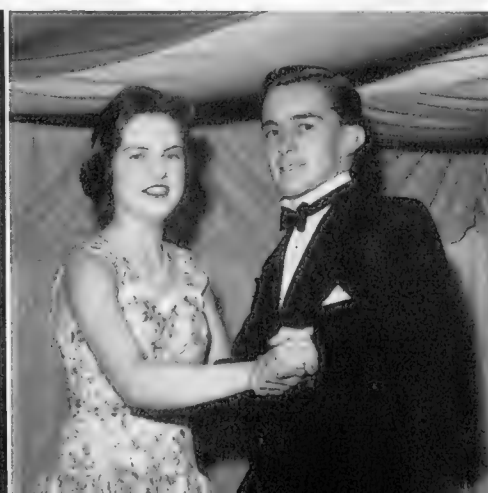
*Miss Amanda Mangles and Mr.  
Simon Lankester*



*Miss Priscilla Hankin and Mr. Peter  
Gilliat*



*Miss Priscilla Newman and Mr.  
Dermot Brundell*



*Mr. Simon Wallace and Miss  
Jacqueline Carpenter Garnier*

## AN AUTUMN DANCE IN WILTSHIRE

MRS. MORTON FISHER recently gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Rosita Fisher, at Chisenbury Priory, their beautiful Carolean house in the Vale of Pewsey. Dancing took place in a marquee in the fairy-lit garden



Van Hallan

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Leathes with their daughter Elizabeth awaiting their guests

## FAIRY LIGHTS AT A LONDON PARTY

MR. AND MRS. W. R. LEATHES gave a coming-out dance for their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Leathes, at Mill Lodge, Barnes, which was transformed into a gaily decorated night club for the occasion



Mr. I. Graham, Miss C. Davies, Mrs. J. Burbidge, Miss Y. Hustinx, Mr. John Burbidge



Miss Veronica Waggett and Mr. James Stockley sitting at their table



Mr. Tom Rees was dining with Miss Bella Sunley



Mr. John Longden and Miss Mariette Gilmer



Miss Billinda Phrazyn and Mr. Graeme Hamilton

Mr. Nigel Wilder and Miss Shannon Puckle

Mr. Geoffrey Try, Miss Ann Baxter, Miss Janice Davison





## DAME MARGOT'S U.S. TRIUMPH

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN, who has been dancing with the Royal Ballet in New York, has once again exceeded all expectations, as our correspondent below writes, seeming to dance more surely and intuitively than ever. She has taken most great roles, but it was in "Sylvia" in particular that New York acclaimed her

### New York Letter



Paul Tanqueray

## ENTHUSIASM FOR THE ROYAL VISIT

THE Queen and Prince Philip's schedule has been announced here and has caused gasps of admiration, mingled with some regret, from New Yorkers. The admiration is for Her Majesty's stamina, particularly during the ten hours she will spend in New York on October 21. In the morning the Royal visitors, who will have travelled overnight from Washington after a hectic five days there, will undergo a New York ticker-tape parade before being received at City Hall by Mayor Robert F. Wagner, where the Queen makes her first speech. At an official luncheon at the Waldorf, given by the Mayor, the Queen makes her second speech, and after luncheon Her Majesty and Prince Philip visit the United Nations where the Queen may make another speech.

In the evening the Royal visitors attend two functions: the first, a dinner given by the Pilgrims and the English-Speaking Union, where the Queen speaks again, and then a Ball given by the Commonwealth Societies where sympathetic New Yorkers hope that Her Majesty will be allowed to remain silent. The Queen and Prince Philip leave later that night by air for London. The regrets are caused by the New Yorkers' wish for their Royal guests to see more of their city, and on account of their own desire to see something of their Royal visitors—which the average person is unlikely to do unless the rigid security precautions are somewhat relaxed.

MEANWHILE the favoured few in Washington and New York who will be (or who hope to be) presented to the Queen received detailed instructions from the British Information Services the other day. While the Queen very commendably announced that she does not expect American ladies to curtsy to her, if the Queen Mother's visit is any criterion every woman worth her salt will put aside memories of 1776 and sink to the floor if she is given half a chance to do so.

Just to be on the safe side Mrs. Simone Kaplan of the London School of Deportment has arrived to give lessons to those ladies who will be in the Queen's company for any length of time, and she will be able to offer them the choice of the court curtsy or the bob. "Anyone who is unable or unwilling to curtsy or bob may greet the Queen with a handshake," said the British Information Services. However, the ladies' husbands have no such loophole. "All that is required of men in the reception line," the British Information Service release continued severely, "is a low bow from the waist and a pleasant smile."

The Royal Ballet (everyone here still calls them the Sadler's Wells and always will) have been dancing in a steam-bath at the Metropolitan Opera House, due to the fantastic, unseasonable weather which has kept the mercury in the upper eighties for the past two weeks. The unventilated opera house suggested nothing more than the Black Hole of Calcutta both in temperature and odour, to quote the wilting ballet critic of the *New York Times*; in the face of such trying circumstances it is all the more creditable that the company has had such sustained success. If *Prince Of The Pagodas* fell flat on its face, *Lac Des Cygnes*, *Coppelia*, *Petrouchka*, *Sylvia* (which captivated everyone), *Birthday Offering* and the premiere of Kenneth Macmillan's charming little *Solitaire* all received enthusiastic notices, as did Nadia Nerina, Alexander Grant, Julia Farron, Michael Somes and Svetlana Beriosova. But the sweeping success of Dame Margot Fonteyn, who, incredible though it seems, dances better every season, had the critics stumped for adequate adjectives.

WALTER TERRY, reviewing *Sylvia* in the *Herald Tribune*, typifies New York's tributes: "... she had the audience shouting itself hoarse with approval and gratitude. Whatever that intangible and unanalysable quality is that makes a great artist of the theatre, Dame Margot has it. She is obviously an accomplished technician, a seasoned performer, a knowing actress. But there is much, much more. In *Sylvia*, for example, everything she does is just right. The timing is artful, her authority is wholly gracious, her very presence is electrifying, and over all shimmers a luminosity which is her special secret."

From the sublime to the slight is the news that *Bells Are Ringing* is due to open in Manchester on October 29, and at the Coliseum in mid-November. On Broadway, where the show has played for almost a year, its success has depended primarily on the considerable charm of Judy Holliday, Sidney Chaplin (Charlie Chaplin's son) and the show's catchy hit tune, "Just In Time." The book, which is concerned with the classic up-down-up romance between a New York telephone answer-service operator and her playwright client, is substantial, and since the rest of the score is pleasing but undistinguished, its success in England will depend almost entirely upon what Janet Blair, George Gaines and Allyn McLerie (his wife) make of it. *My Fair Lady*, incidentally, will open at the end of April at Drury Lane.

—Robin Miller



*VISCOUNT HARDINGE, who lives in the city, was entertaining Mrs. Raymond McGrath to dinner at the famous Ritz-Carlton Restaurant*

## THE SOCIAL SEASON IN COSMOPOLITAN MONTREAL

*Photographs by F. J. Goodman*



*THE HON. MRS. DENZIL FORTESCUE, daughter of the third Viscount Hardinge, was here dining with Mrs. T. A. Macauley*



*MRS. RENAULT ST. LAURENT photographed aboard the Homeric saying goodbye to Count de Rege-Thesauro, the Italian Consul-General, who was sailing to Europe*



*THE DUKE AND DUCHESS MARCELLO VISCONTI di Modrone, Italian visitors from Milan, who were staying for a few weeks in Montreal*

*MR. JOHN G. CONTAT, host of the Ritz-Carlton, with Mrs. Gordon McTavish in the hotel's Maritime Bar*





## A DISAGREEMENT OF DOVES



"ROAR LIKE A DOVE" (Phoenix Theatre). This comedy uses for one of its main pivots the time-honoured mother-in-law joke as a source of misunderstanding. The mother-in-law, American variety (Evelyn Varden), is seen (above, left) talking to her obedient daughter Lady Dungavel (Anne Kimbell). Lord Dungavel (John McCallum, below left) battles with his father-in-law (Paul McGrath, centre), while Edward (Anthony Ireland) looks discriminatingly on. Drawings by Glan Williams



At the first night of Miss Lesley Storm's *Roar Like A Dove* at the Phoenix I came across several people who seemed mildly disconcerted to find themselves enjoying a play which they insisted was rather indelicate.

The obvious cause of this discomfort was the attitude of a pleasant Scottish laird to his pleasant American wife. It was that of a stockbreeder. The healthy young woman had already presented him with six daughters—but of what use were any number of daughters with an ancient and well-farmed estate crying out for a male heir. In a family short of capital it would not be too much to ask of a wife with a sense of duty that she should go on patiently doing her pools in the hope that one day her luck might change. To the amiable Lord Dungavel the matter was as simple as that. Lady Dungavel saw the thing in quite another light. And it is on the difference between American and Scottish views of wifely duty that the comedy turns.

Since I also was enjoying the play, I did what I could to rid my friends of the squeamishness that was bedevilling their evening. Isn't all Shakespearian comedy, I asked grandly, written in celebration of fertility, all Shakespearian tragedy out of a sense of the horror of infertility? Can't *Roar Like A Dove* be regarded as a humble descendant of *Love's Labour's Lost*?

THE attempt to lift the discourse, to a lofty level did no sort of good. "Oh, Shakespeare," said the squeamish, and continued to harp on Miss Lesley Storm. As I left the theatre, however, I heard the audience positively shouting approval, and they were not, I reflected, saluting a modern fertility rite. What made them applaud this artificial frolic was its successful artificiality.

Miss Storm makes no pretence of taking seriously either her characters or her situations. She writes a great many amusing lines and has the good fortune to hear them spoken by a company of mixed English and American actors who know exactly how to make them tell for all that they are worth. But to the author must go the credit for the light, easy, amusing touch which maintains the discerning artificiality of the story.

When Lady Dungavel finds that her husband is immovably set on having an heir for the estate she makes no attempt to argue with him; she casually rings up her American parents in California. They promptly fly in, and there is a delicious scene in which the armour-plated mother-in-law makes it clear that rich American girls do not marry Scottish peers "simply to become vehicles for descendants." Nor do they abandon all the social advantages of America to be kept year after year in draughty Highland castles listening through enfolding mists to the sounds of cows calving and mares foaling.

SUCH marriages, which the old lady rather deplores, exist chiefly so that the ennobled brides may have the chance every London season to give their tiaras a thorough airing. The mother-in-law is played by Miss Evelyn Varden, and her performance from first to last is a pure joy. Remarks such as: "I've a lot to say to you before we are on speaking terms," not especially funny in themselves, sound enormously witty as she delivers them.

It is from the father-in-law, something of a fellow-traveller, that the plot takes its frequent changes of direction. He has two ideas. One has wholly delightful effects. The present male heir to Dungavel, a howling aesthete, comes to inspect the ancestral home and flees in disgust from the farm-yard obstetrics. Mr. Peter Barkworth makes the most of the brief visit. The second idea of the family peacemaker is less happy. He rashly urges his son-in-law to an act of marital self-assertion for which Soames Forsyte was punished through so many volumes. Lord Dungavel is not fool enough to take the advice, but it involves him, all the same, in a difficult scene. Fortunately it is played by Mr. John McCallum and Miss Anne Kimbell with so much tact and charm that only the ultra-squeamish can possibly object to it.

## SADLER'S WELLS REVIVES SOUTH SEA OPERA

JOHN GARDNER'S opera, "The Moon And Sixpence," has been revived at the Sadler's Wells Theatre this season. Based on Somerset Maugham's novel, it is set in the South Seas. The hero, Strickland's, wife is played by Anna Pollak, while Chin Yu takes the part of Ata, his mistress, and is seen (below) preparing a meal outside his hut. Somerset Maugham, who missed the premiere last May, hopes to see the opera during his annual autumn visit to England

David Sim







*Miss Lorna Lyle, Miss Marybelle Gordon and Miss Sandra Manassei*

## THE PERTH HUNT RACES

THE PERTH HUNT RACES, always one of the highlights of the Scottish Season, were this year attended by a large number of people, including many debutantes. The Perth Hunt Balls took place during the same week

*Miss Rhona Wilkinson receiving the Perthshire Challenge Cup from the Hon. Mrs. Lyle*



*Lady Malvina Murray accompanied by the Hon. Sandra Monson*

*The Earl and Countess of Airlie watching the horses in the paddock*



*Below: Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart of Ardvorlich with Lady Lyle*





*Mr. W. Walker, Sir George Nairn, Lady Nairn and Mrs. G. Stewart-Stevens*



*Lady Malvina Murray, the Hon. Julian Byng, the Hon. Sandra Monson, Mr. John Richardson*



*J. Drummond-Moray, Miss Amber Leslie, Mr. J. Birkbeck, Miss Z. Pelham-Clinton, Miss X. Drummond-Moray*



*The Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the Hon. Mary Anne Gretton, Mr. Roderick Stirling, Miss Richenda Gurney*

*Miss Markie Hills, Miss Mariota Menzies of Menzies and Miss Angela Walker*

*Lt.-Col. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Lyle of Riemore, with their daughter Diana*





## At the Pictures

# LUCKY JIM'S JINX



ALEC GUINNESS as Col. Nicholson (above) is one of the international cast of well-known stars who take part in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*. This film combines the story of the building by British prisoners of war of a bridge in Siam with the deeper implications of a man's conflict with his soul. Below, William Holden embodies the film's exciting fighting element



TO what extent those witty twins, Messrs. Roy and John Boulting, have done right by Mr. Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* I am in no position to say as the novel has, to date, successfully eluded me—but since Mr. Amis, in a radio interview, expressed his complete satisfaction with the film, it seems to me that even those who have read the book need not cavil at the changes and additions made by the scriptwriters, Messrs. Patrick Campbell and Jeffrey Dell. The spirit of the piece is one of healthy revolt against the hypocrisy and pomposity of fuddy-duddies in authority—and that, says Mr. Amis, is exactly right. It certainly makes for a wildly funny film.

Jim Dixon, played by the endearing Mr. Ian Carmichael with a somewhat fugitive north-country accent, is junior history lecturer at a provincial university from which, we are told, are to emerge the Drakes and Raleighs of tomorrow—"fearless, independent and state-supported." Like Mr. Salteena, Jim is not quite a gentleman but he's honest and likeable and his ideas on the teaching of his subject are sound if original. He has an engaging habit of pulling peculiar faces and a deplorable talent for getting drunk and, as they say, putting his foot in it.

THE bane of his life is the head of the history department, a stuffy old professor (superbly presented by Mr. Hugh Griffith), with so little sense of humour that when his office telephone rings he lifts the receiver and gravely booms into it "History speaking." The professor's son, a pretentious bounder appallingly well drawn by Mr. Terry-Thomas, is another thorn in Jim's flesh. Between the pair of them Jim has a terrible time.

A cultural weekend at the professor's house is fraught with disaster. Unnerved at being called upon to sing the tenor solo in a madrigal, Jim dashes to the local pub from which he returns in a state of reckless inebriation to disgrace himself further by inadvertently invading the bedroom of an intense young woman (Miss Maureen Connell), sharing a bottle of cherry brandy with a divinely vocal Boxer dog, and burning his bedclothes.

Mr. Carmichael's mobile face registers shame and horror but, despite an imperial hangover, remains sufficiently attractive to appeal to Mr. Terry-Thomas's girl-friend, beautiful Miss Sharon Acker—whose uncle, Mr. Clive Morton, is to be installed as the university's new Chancellor. Mr. Terry-Thomas is *livid*—his revenge mean: by interfering with the arrangements made by harassed Jim for the installation ceremony, he converts a solemn academic procession into a delirious fiasco, for which Jim is blamed.

As calamity upon calamity overtakes the poor wretch, a ghoulishly gleeful voice on the sound track chants derisively, "Oh, Lucky Jim! How I envy him!" The Boulting Brothers, as we know from *Private's Progress* and *Brothers In Law*, operate on the theory that a cinema audience enjoys nothing so much as the discomfort of the "hero"—and they are right. But always towards the end they relent a little, having put the fellow well and truly through the hoops—and here Jim, in quite the most hilarious scene of any British film I can recall, is finally given a chance to score off his persecutors.

It may be, as I have heard argued, that Mr. Amis's novel was more coherent, more sardonic and carried a definite message. The film, which is episodic and richly farcical, carries none. It sets out merely to amuse—and it succeeds brilliantly. At least, I laughed so unrestrainedly that the tears came into my eyes and ruined my mascara—a thing that hasn't happened to me for years.

Do not, I beg of you, let the vulgarity of the title, *Oh! For A Man!* prevent you from seeing Miss Jayne Mansfield's latest picture. It is a gay and sparkling satirical comedy, based on the play *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*—and it has been expertly produced and directed by Mr. Frank Tashlin who was responsible for *The Girl Can't Help It*, that other entertaining piece in which Miss Mansfield so spectacularly figured.

The earlier film agreeably gayed "pop" singers and the rock 'n



DEBORAH KERR (left, above) takes the part of the school-master's wife in *Tea And Sympathy* who is the only person who believes that Tom, played by John Kerr, is a normal, if extremely sensitive boy. She goes to great and perilous lengths to prove it

SYLVIA SYMS has been extremely busy since her success in *Teenage Daughter*. She has starred in four films, three of which are to be released shortly. They are *Woman In A Dressing Gown*, *The Birthday Present* and the recently completed *The Moonraker*



roll addicts. The current one pokes sly fun at several other features of the American way of life—the dumb blonde film star, the man in the grey flannel suit (that's to say the advertising executive), television, radio, and the idea, held from coast to coast, that the all important thing in life is to be A SUCCESS.

Mr. Tony Randall, an engagingly fumbling comedian, plays an advertising mediocrity who suddenly has a bright thought in connection with the "Stay-Put Lipstick" account: he will ask Miss Mansfield, described on TV as the star with the Oh! so kissable lips, to endorse the product.

He calls at her hotel suite at a moment when she is having a tiff on the telephone with her actor boy-friend (Mr. Mickey Hargitay—playing Tarzan) in Hollywood. To annoy the boy-friend, Miss Mansfield induces Mr. Randall to speak a few words on the phone and then follows them up herself with a series of gurgles and yelps, indicating passionate love-making, and the announcement that she is going to marry Mr. Randall.

MR. RANDALL, who plans to marry a nice, ordinary girl (Miss Betsy Drake), allows Miss Mansfield to talk him into pretending to be engaged to her, in exchange for her endorsement of Stay-Put. In no time Mr. Randall is a celebrity. Screaming teenagers pursue him in the street and tear the clothes off his back. He is made vice-president of his firm and, to his delight, given a jewelled key to "The Executives' Powder-room." He is less delighted when, as the uproar about him grows, he is promoted to the presidency (with a private "powder-room" of its own).

"I don't think I'm cut out for success," he moans modestly. "Nonsense!" cries the retiring president, who only wants to grow roses: "Success will fit you like a shroud!" These are words one never expected to hear from Hollywood—but then, there are a number of unexpected things about this film, including the momentary intrusion of Mr. Groucho Marx.

Miss Joan Blondell gives a delicious performance as Miss Mansfield's dresser—and Miss Mansfield, whom I find charming, clowns with what I will swear is intelligence.

—Elspeth Grant



## Book Reviews

# A PERSIAN JOURNEY

Elizabeth Bowen

**W**ILFRED BLUNT's *A Persian Spring* (Barrie, 25s.) is an exciting, wonderful travel book. These two adjectives I mean literally—the adventurous element is strong, the journey undertaken by Mr. Blunt being, if not outright dangerous, often risky and fraught with crises and unforeseeables; and at the same time here are pages packed with marvels which dazzle, thanks to the author's pen.

I went to Persia [he tells us] to see many things—its landscape, its architecture, its flowers, its people. The mosques and the mountains I found more wonderful than I had dared to hope. With the flowers I was rather disappointed. But far the most vivid impression that I brought back was that of the friendliness and hospitality of the Persian people.

Wherein, then, lay the difficulties which had to be dealt with or circumvented? It was in spring 1956 that Mr. Blunt (on leave from Eton, where, as many know, he is drawing master) spent these fourteen weeks on the move through Iran and Afghanistan. "I can," he says, "perhaps best describe myself as a tourist in lands not yet organized for tourism." This seems an understatement, in view of the fact that "travel in any form in the Near or Middle East is . . . in some respects harder now than it was nineteen hundred years ago. St. Paul, were he to make today those journeys which in his time were confined to various provinces of the Roman Empire, would need *two* Turkish passports (one for use in Jordan, the other for Israel) endorsed for Great Britain, Italy, the Lebanon, Israel, Jordan and Greece, together with an incalculable number of exit and transit visas."

**L**OVE laughs at locksmiths. To visit Persia had been the ambition of a lifetime—undaunted our traveller set out. Few could have been better fitted for the enterprise than this artist, botanist, linguist and (to judge by his own illustrations to *A Persian Spring*) inspired photographer. Sociable and adaptable, Mr. Blunt took his company as he found it—whether at embassy cocktail parties, or on tense if colourful bus journeys through tracts unknown. Fragments of conversation he sets down have a winning Marx Brothers dottiness about them. Fortunate in his widely assorted hosts—to few, he remarks, is it given to wake one morning to find a bishop standing beside one's bed—he is philosophic with regard to hotels: those most vociferous in advance were, he was to discover, the most chancy.

Off days—modern reaches of Tehran reminded him depressingly of South Kensington; frustrations were endless, and he even knew boredom—were more than outbalanced by the ecstatic ones: blue domes floating in blue air, crystal early mornings and scented evenings. Mr. Blunt's architectural passages act like wine on any reader liable to be enthralled by buildings. Roughly, his itinerary was a sort of weaving; his pattern had Iran's chief cities as key points. Tehran, Tabriz, Isafhan, Shiraz, Meshed, Qom, also Yazd and Kerman (desert towns with fine mosques) are in turn evoked for us with a touch of magic. Though also our author dispels one of two illusions: sparse seemed the fabled roses of Shiraz, and out of voice or absent the nightingales.

There is the Afghanistan interlude, rich in flavour and incident, and there is the less felicitous glimpse of Syria. Pungent, witty and civilized is *A Persian Spring*—few travel books fail to interest; this one entrances.

★ ★ ★

**B**EVERLEY NICHOLS's detective story, *The Rich Die Hard* (Hutchinson, 15s.), is his fourth. This author's versatility makes one blink: accomplished in all other forms of literary craft, he enters this fresh field—and sweeps all before him! Mr. Somerset Maugham, I see, places him with the top Big Few of British "mystery" writers.

And reading this latest story, I cannot wonder. In *The Rich Die Hard*, we have what might be, in other hands, the conventional locale for a crime story—i.e. the country house of a



Paul Lanquar

CECIL BEATON, C.B.E., is seen in Paris during the filming of "Gigi" for which he designed costumes and sets as the film's artistic director. His new book, "The Face Of The World," comes out this month



JOHN TICKNER, author and illustrator of "Tickner's Light Horse," now displays his knowledge of man's best friend in "Tickner's Dog Licence," a guide to the kennel and its inhabitants. (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Huntington Hartford and Miss Pauline Vogelpoel



Mrs. J. Vaughan was with Mrs. Penelope Kitson



Sir Colin Anderson with his daughter, Miss Catriona Anderson

A preview party of the Monet Exhibition, from Edinburgh, was held at the Tate Gallery, for members of the Contemporary Art Society



Miss Pamela Evelyn and Mr. Graham Reid were guests



Mrs. D. Ferguson and Mrs. W. Dennis before "The Pink Boat"



Miss Lucy Rothenstein was here with Mr. Julian Jebb

hyper-successful financier, plus house-party. Beautiful Broome Place, in Sussex, is, however, far from being one more stage set, complete with butler, library hearthrug (ready for corpse), spiv habitués and ambiguous lady guests. There is a butler, but he is off beat, and in his own right a cryptic character. Lush, charming Miss Larue, regrettably tipsy, exits violently from the story early on: her relationship with her host is quite soon made plain—it is realistic if not conventional.

All cards are—or appear to be—on the table. The characters are invested by only so much mystery as surrounds all humans: in the handling of them, the sure touch, humour and penetration of an experienced novelist appears. Broome Place, a treasure house (for Andrew Lloyd, financial genius, is also a connoisseur) is a house rendered strange by its atmosphere, and embedded in golden, sighing and sighing autumnal woods. Is Nancy Lloyd, Andrew's wife, the all-understanding angel she claims to be? Dear little Mr. Smith smells more than one rat under the polished flooring. I myself should describe *The Rich Die Hard* as a subtle novel hinged on a crime.

★ ★ ★

A book that should not be missed by aspirants to the stage or, indeed, by serious lovers of the theatre, is *Actress*, by Yvonne Mitchell (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 15s.). Here, with delightful modesty and humour, Miss Mitchell gives an account of her own career, with, in view, possible help to others. Again and again I was fascinated by what she says.

As autobiography, *Actress* may well appeal. But also critical brain appears behind the light, intimate writing.



Mrs. Christopher Dilke and Mrs. Nicholas Davenport in company with Sir John and Lady Rothenstein

Desmond O'Neill





NOW IS THE TIME to think of furs. This year they are rich in variety and imaginative design. On the opposite page is a superb coat of Russian broadtail over Emba Cerulean mink. Straight and narrow in design, the coat is slit high at the sides and sleeves to reveal the natural blu mink which also faces the front, curving softly from collar to hem by S. London

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

## THE LUXURIOUS WARMTH OF FUR

THE FUR STOLE or wrap is an all-day-round, all-year-round treasure which can be worn over a ball dress, a suit or day dress, on cool summer evenings or on freezing winter days. A perfect example is this deep, curving wrap (below) in Emba Autumn Haze natural brown mutation mink by Calman Links. It is skilfully cut to hug the shoulders and upper arms

Michel Molinero







DARK, rich coat of wild Canadian mink by Molho (left). In a beautiful, simple design that will not date, its wide full sleeves are gently gathered into the tightly cuffed wristbands. With it is a tall busby of fur banded in velvet by Erik

LIGHTWEIGHT fur for travelling, by Bradleys (right). This coat of Chinese lamb is sand-coloured—one of the loveliest fur shades to be seen this season—and its pockets and wide pointed collar are edged in matching braid. With it is worn a choker of palest snow pastel mink







STOLE in smooth, ranch mink for all occasions by Calman Links (left). This is a very wide fur and is shaped at the neck to give a collar effect. The stole is accompanied by Erik's round pill-box of velvet and mink

BIZARRE and arresting, this little skull-cap of black velvet has a shower of snow white ostrich feather cascades falling to one side (right). Designed by Svend, this hat for evening has wit and audacity, heightened by the contrasting colouring



A LONG straight stole of extravagant beauty by Calman Links. In Emba Diadem mink, this fur is the perfect accompaniment to a decollete evening dress, giving lush contrast to bare shoulders and brilliant gems







## ROME IN LONDON

FROM THE ROMAN HOUSE of Princess Beatrice di Bonaparte comes this original two way model in the International Couture Collection at Debenham & Freebody. The strapless dress is made in heavy dull black silk and has shot velvet cleverly swathed round the midriff. Over it (left) goes an arm lily tunic fastened at the back with a velvet bow. The black velvet cap with trailing ostrich feathers (left) costs 22 gns.; the flower shaped marcasite brooch, 47 gns.; marcasite bracelet, 23 gns.; the long strands of pearls fastening with a paste clasp, 13 gns. The cocktail hat of grey velvet and ostrich feathers (above) is 18 gns. All from Debenham & Freebody

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



*Brien Kirby at John French*



# Bedroom style



**OLD** Regency style beds (without mattresses), £38 15s. each, satin and lace down pillow, £4 2s.; mahogany veneer bedside table, £23 10s.; Royal Worcester lamp, £19 19s.; French lampshade, £12 12s.; Indian Rug, £20, Harrods



Harrods: mahogany veneer sofa table, £73 10s. silver gilt mirror, £59 10s. Mappin and Webb silver candlesticks, £26 10s. a pair; Regenc clock, £60; silver six-piece dressing table service, £70; crystal and silver powder bowl, £9 5



This mahogany veneer chest of drawers, price £93 15s., and the reproduction lyre back chair, £17 10s., are ideal for a bedroom in period style. The Thomas Webb vase costs £2 9s. 6d. All are obtainable from Harrods



French style dressing table and triple mirror, £240; silver gilt four-piece brush set, £57; china lamps, £24 3s. each; shades, £4 4s. each; dressing stool, £54 10s. Obtainable at Harrods

# and elegance

**DECORATING** a bedroom calls for a light touch in furniture, colour schemes, and lighting. Reproductions of period styles fit the purpose well  
—JEAN CLELAND



Bedside table in wood and wickerwork with magazine rack, £5 13s. 6d.; tray, £4 7s. 3d.; Minton "Petunia" early morning tea set, £7 4s. 11d. All may be obtained from Harrods, Knightsbridge



**NEW** French style carved and caned bedstead in grey and gold £160; wardrobe, £288 10s.; dressing chair, £47 10s.; bedside table, £53 10s.; French porcelain lamp, £57 15s.; shade, £12 12s.; Chinese carpet, £87 17s. 6d., Harrods



Matching the decorative French style furniture (left and above right) is a cheval looking glass, £110, and tallboy, £201; cornucopia vase, £2 12s. 6d. These can all be bought at Harrods



Bedroom designed by Chippendale, built-in fittings and soft furnishings by Chippendale Workshops Ltd.; their prices vary according to individual schemes and clients' requirements

Dennis Smith





FOR BREAKFAST in bed, a delightful Terylene bed jacket with permanently pleated front, lace trimmed yoke, Peter Pan collar and puffed sleeves; also in blue, £5 19s. 6d., at Elizabeth Arden



Dennis Smith

## Beauty

# Hints from Paris

WHEN, just recently, François—physiognomist and make-up artist from Elizabeth Arden's Paris salon—came to London and gave a talk to a small group of beauty writers, he said that in his opinion twentieth-century life is specially hard for women.

"I will explain you," he said. "It ask of every woman to be as a man in her job, and as a woman, full of charm in her home, which is very difficult. To help her along, a woman needs to be given an arm, and the arm is that of nice appearance."

I was in special accord with his contention that a woman who is not beautiful can still be immensely attractive. It is a question of personality, glow and aliveness. This combination can easily outstrip more passive beauty.

During the talk, we were told of four big traps for women: *The Mirror*. Because when a woman looks into it, she sees not only with the eye, but with the imagination, which looks for defects and often magnifies them.

*Habit*. A woman will say "I am tired of my face and of my hair style, and I would like to have something different." Yet when the hairdresser or the make-up artist starts to make a change, timidity sets in, and habit takes over.

*Bad Interpretation of Fashion*. A woman who buys clothes just because they are the very latest thing, regardless of whether they suit her, makes a great mistake. They must be adapted to her personality. The same thing goes for make-up.

Trap No. 4 is one which François thinks often applies to teenagers. It is *Imitation of Film Stars*. The young girl will give herself the full lips of one favourite star, the eyebrows of another, and the hair style of a third. The result is far from happy.

I WAS interested to learn that in the opinion of experts, eyebrows are one of the most important features in make-up. It is therefore very necessary to know how to deal with them. In general, the sweep of the eyebrow line must depend on the shape of the face. If it is too wide, "arch" the brows. If too narrow, give them only the slightest possible arch. Never give the brows a downward line. This has a sad and ageing effect. If a face is wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, the eyebrows should be rather close together, and not plucked with too wide a space across the bridge of the nose. Rouge should be slightly low on the cheeks and nearer in. On the contrary, if a face is narrow at the top and wide at the bottom, the eyebrows must be farther apart with a wider gap between. Rouge in this case should be high, and farther out on the cheeks to increase the width, and the mouth made as wide as possible.

Talking of the mouth, François said that the finest make-up in the world for this is a smile. He went on to explain how the effect of a smile could be encouraged. "Carry the line of the bottom lip right out into the corners, and keep the colour on the upper lip well in from the corners. By doing this you give a tilt to the mouth, and lift it to a smile."

When you apply mascara, brush the lashes up and out away from the centre towards the outside edges. Deep-set eyes can be brought forward by using a pale eye shadow, and keeping it close to the rim of the eye just close to the lashes. Prominent eyes, on the other hand, can be set back with a darker shadow blended in softly right over the entire lid.

Summing up the use of make-up for different ages, François said this: "Before twenty, soft, delicate, and very sparing. Between twenty and thirty, average. Between thirty and forty, the lot. Between forty and fifty, back to average. After fifty, less and less, until gradually, as you grow older, you go back again to the young make-up, soft, delicate, and very sparing."

—Jean Cleland

*the name*  
*of authority*  
*in furs*  
**Bradleys**  
2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



Bradleys coat of bronze sealskin





THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION. She possesses something that is more than beauty, more than charm—a radiance that can only be described as magnetic.

## What makes a woman magnetic?

SOCIETY REPORTER FINDS OUT

AT A RECEPTION I went along to report the other day, I was struck once again by the fact that one woman stood way, way out beyond all others. I have spotted this magnetic "something" in a few (very few!) women before. This time I thought I would discover the secret.

"How kind you are," said my Magnetic Woman, "but what can I tell you? I haven't any secrets."

"Well let's start with your skin," I said firmly, "your make-up." (To be honest, I wondered how old she was. Her gorgeous complexion didn't give a thing away).

"My make-up's simplicity itself, and I do it precisely twice a day—never more; it's not necessary if you use the right things."

"Which are?"

"I use Helena Rubinstein's. Always her Silk Face Powder. I can't bear anything else on my skin..." At this moment she was whisked away by the most handsome man in the room, but I went on thinking of what she had said.

Silk Face Powder! I had never quite believed that it was really made of silk. So, later, I put a call through to New York and spoke to Madame Rubinstein herself.

"But of course it is made of silk," she said, "pure atomized silk. That's what gives it that extraordinary fineness and luminosity. I invented it because silk and skin—both living substances—are strongly magnetic to each other. That is why my Silk Face Powder has a 'cling' that simply can't be equalled by face powders made with mineral substances."

So there you are. If you want to try Silk Face Powder, here are the prices; Silk Face Powder in Crystal Casket, 11/6. Refill 8/3. There's also Silk-Tone Foundation, 10/6, and all-in-one Silk Minute Make-up, 10/11.



Flawless... Fabulous, her complexion is the radiant result of Silk Face Powder.

Helena Rubinstein LONDON • PARIS  
NEW YORK



**Green—Somerville.** Mr. Michael Ramsey Green, younger son of Captain W. D. T. Green, and Mrs. Green, of St. Leonard's, Kinellan Road, Edinburgh, married Miss Daphne Dalrymple Somerville, daughter of Sir John and Lady Somerville, of Ravelston Park, Edinburgh, at Murrayfield Parish Church, Edinburgh

## RECENTLY MARRIED

**Millar—Rivett-Carnac.** Mr. David L. Millar, only son of the late Mr. D. M. Millar, and of Mrs. G. M. S. Millar, of Perth, W. Australia, married Miss Jacqueline Anne Rivett-Carnac, daughter of Lt.-Col. Charles Francis Rivett-Carnac, the Baluchi Regt., and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, of Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5, at St. Mary Abbot's Church



Fayer

**Warren—Kleinwort.** Mr. Michael Raymond Warren, only son of the late Colonel Raymond Warren, and of Mrs. Warren, of The Hyde, Handcross, Sussex, married Miss Gillian Mawdsley Kleinwort, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kleinwort, of Haywards Heath, and South Audley St., W.1, at Holy Trinity, Cuckfield, Sussex

**O'Nians — Dundas.** The wedding took place between Mr. Frank Anderson O'Nians, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. O'Nians, of Thetford, Norfolk, and Miss Anstice Ann Flux Dundas, daughter of Sir Ambrose Dundas Flux Dundas, and Lady Dundas, Government House, the Isle of Man, at St. Peter's Church, Onchan, Douglas, Isle of Man





## Racing

# OUTLOOK FOR THE CESAREWITCH

It was in 1839 that the Czar of Russia's son, on a visit to England, was so taken with the horse racing here that he subscribed a sum of money to the Jockey Club for a race to be named in his honour. And so there was instituted the Cesarewitch, which, coupled with the Cambridgeshire Handicap, second leg of the "Autumn Double," has ever since contrived to tease and bedevil the would-be backer of winners.

Horses trained in the North have enjoyed a splendidly successful season, and there has been strong Cesarewitch support for the two Yorkshire stayers, Moongate and Morecambe.

Moongate, trained by Capt. Elsey, has had a busy time, for he first ran at Lincoln on the opening day of flat racing (March 25), and has been active ever since. On his recent efforts at Doncaster and Ayr, Mr. John Hetherington's three-year-old appears undeniably well handicapped with 6st. 11lb. His trainer has been lucky to secure the services of the diminutive but redoubtable lightweight, "Kipper" Lynch. This young rider has shone in long-distance events this season, notably when winning Epsom's Great Metropolitan Handicap on Gay Ballad, and again when ably seconding Gudmenarmist's effort at Sandown in August.

MORECAMBE, in the care of sturdy Sam Hall at Middleham, has already credited his owner, Mr. John Bullock, with more than £10,000 by winning the Ebor Handicap at York. He has another half mile to cover at Newmarket, but there is no reason to suppose that this will be beyond him.

Sir Gordon Richards, trainer of Artaban, found the Cesarewitch elusive in his riding days, his solitary success being on winners Moon IV in a wartime substitute. He has given his in-bred four-year-old a very careful and thorough prepara-



*J. Lynch (above) will ride Moon-gate in the Cesarewitch. Stafford Ingham (right) trains Pundit, Petersfield and Westmarsh*

tion, and he was one of the shorter priced division as soon as the weights appeared.

Among the outsiders, favourable mention can be made of the easy Yarmouth winner, Chilon (whose trainer, Peter Thrale, has twice landed this prize, with Nitsichin in 1932 and Three Cheers in 1951), and Capt. Boyd-Rochfort's tongue-twister, Maelsheachlainn. Mr. Terence Gray, owner of the last-named, may not be able to attend, for he has been occupied busily in superintending the gathering of the harvest on his vineyard in the Rhineland.

For the Cesarewitch, one should look for a stayer gifted with a turn of speed. The Cambridgeshire demands a sprinter which can stay one and a quarter miles. It is possible that Staff Ingham holds the key with the pick of his three-horse entry, Pundit, Petersfield and Westmarsh.

Staff saddled the winner of this event five years ago, when Richer, in the red-and-white Pundit colours of Mr. Greville Baylis, won so handsomely. The master of the picturesquely named Thirty Acre Barn stable at Ashted has enjoyed his best ever season as a trainer, featured by the clever placing of the two-year-old fillies Medina and Light Catch.

Others to appeal, at this stage, are last year's winner, Loppylugs, Primera, and Mr. "Jakie" Astor's lightly weighted Veleta. Primera, trained at Epsom by Harold Wallington, finished second last month to the Aly Khan's Ommeyad in the Irish St. Leger.

OTHER events at Newmarket which hold out particular interest are the Middle Park Stakes for two-year-olds and the Champion Stakes, for which Ballymoss, winner of this year's St. Leger, is an intended starter.

Mrs. Peter Widener's Neptune II, an American-bred son of Crafty Admiral, is coming over from France to take on our two-year-olds in the "Middle Park." By winning the Prix Morny at Deauville, he established himself as the leading colt in the French two-year-old division.

His task on this side of the Channel does not appear to be particularly difficult, for his English contemporaries have been bewilderingly inconsistent in their running. Our main hopes may rest with Lord Howard de Walden's Amerigo, who has not raced since finishing third under a big weight in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, in July, and Mr. Jack Olding's magnificent chestnut colt, Kelly, winner of the Champagne Stakes at Salisbury and of the even more important event of the same name at Doncaster.

Ballymoss will doubtless start a hot favourite in the Champion Stakes, for the distance—1½ miles—should be even more to his liking than that of the St. Leger.

—Ormonde



*Mr. J. Lewis' Artaban (trainer, Gordon Richards) running in the Cesarewitch is seen here winning the Ladbroke Stakes*



*Morecambe owned by Mr. J. Bullock being led in after winning the £10,000 Ebor Handicap. Trainer, Sam Hall*



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ASTON MARTIN are now offering for sale their new DB Mark III saloon. Its three-litre engine gives 162 b.h.p. on the single exhaust system, and 178 b.h.p. fitted with twin exhausts

### *Motoring*

## THOROUGHbred SALOON

**P**OWER in plenty is offered by the new Aston Martin DB Mark III saloon. The three-litre engine now gives 162 brake horse power with the single exhaust system and 178 brake horse power with the twin exhaust system. The car has the close ratio David Brown synchromesh gearbox—Laycock de Normanville overdrive can be specified—and Girling disc brakes in front. The price of the saloon is £2,050 and the purchase tax works out at £1,026 7s.

The Aston Martin's stable companion, the 3-litre Lagonda has the special interest of being one of the few British cars in production with independent suspension on all four wheels—a feature introduced by W. O. Bentley and much appreciated by those who are interested in the finer points of suspension systems. The four-door saloon Lagonda costs £1,995 with p.t. £998 17s.

Another company which has announced its policy for 1958 is Armstrong Siddeley. The model 346 is to continue unchanged, the emphasis being placed on steady development. It can be had with synchromesh gearbox or with automatic gearbox, the basic price difference being £95. Some time ago I gave a detailed report upon one of the interesting optional extras for this car, the controlled power steering.

Public reaction to power steering in this country is still difficult to gauge. The proportion of small, lightweight cars is so high that the total number of owners likely to reap benefits from power steering is statistically insignificant.

**M**ONTHS ago I complained of the large numbers of unnecessary road signs. I am now asked to give examples. Those who use A41 know a rather unusual road sign which is exceedingly prominent and is illuminated at night. It reads: "CRIPPLES CROSSING." Apart from the fact that I have never seen any cripples crossing at that point, the sign is undesirable because it suggests that all those unfortunate people who suffer from some disability should have their presence advertised to road users.

The truth is that every man, woman and child is entitled to the same care and consideration, and that any suggestion that the disabled should be treated with greater consideration implies that the able should be treated with less. The sign on A41 is pernicious and should be removed at once. Again, what of "BEWARE OF LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT"? How is the motor car driver to "beware" of them?

The frequently criticized "SUDDEN AIRCRAFT NOISE" has, perhaps, a modicum of sense, for a driver can be thrown momentarily off balance by a loud noise close to him.

—*Oliver Stewart*

### The R.A.C. suggests...

The upholstery of your car, if leather OR plastic, will be cleaner with the application of a damp cloth and ordinary soap.

The surface should be rubbed briskly with these, then wiped over with a clean, moist, soap-free cloth. This will remove traces of soap and any particles of dirt which may have been left behind.

Finally, to obtain a gloss, rub the upholstery vigorously with a clean, dry cloth.

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The exquisite water-lily tulip, *Tulipa Kaufmanniana* (left), is early to greet the spring while (above) crocuses greet the new season with perfection

### A Woman in the Garden

## BULBS FOR EASE AND SPRINGTIME GAIETY

Betty Hay



Trumpet daffodils (above) always maintain their popularity. The Narcissus variety (below), "February Gold," is early and, where the soil suits it, the bulb increases



NOTHING gives me more pleasure, in proportion to the money we spend, than bulbs. Their very simplicity is part of their charm, because the bulb grower and nature have done ninety per cent of the work for us, so that all we have to do is to plant the bulbs and reap the reward. Daffodils should be planted in October, tulips can wait a few weeks. Naturally, if the ground is well dug and enriched with compost or well-rotted dung, the bulbs will give a better account of themselves.

I get my first delight from bulbs about Christmastime with prepared hyacinths, and pre-cooled daffodils in bowls. Planted in bowls of bark fibre now, set out in the garden in a north-facing position, and covered all over with six or eight inches of peat, straw, ashes, or even soil, they are left to grow until they are well rooted, in about eight to ten weeks' time. Then they are brought into the house and gradually inured to full light and full warmth.

It is always very comforting to be able to go out in the garden in the early spring, and cut daffodils and tulips for the house. We always have a few daffodils and tulips under cloches, and latterly we have come to the conclusion that the dwarf single and dwarf double tulips, and the Mendel varieties, are the best to put under the cloches. The daffodils, incidentally, we plant very thickly and leave them there from year to year.

When it comes to planting bulbs out in the open garden, we have to rein ourselves in over the length of the bulb order. Many of our friends bed out hyacinths in the front garden. We compromise by planting tulips—the May-flowering, and Triumph varieties—among wallflowers. Then we always have a few groups of a dozen or so dotted about among the borders. This year we are growing some of the late double tulips—the peony-flowered varieties. They produce enormous flowers, and even half a dozen will make a bold splash of colour in early May next year.

If I had unlimited funds, I should very much like to plant daffodils by the thousand. We have one or two trees in the garden whose branches sweep down almost to the level of the turf. Over the years we have planted daffodils under the trees, where they make a glorious golden show in the spring, and just as their leaves are becoming a bit untidy, the foliage of the down-sweeping trees comes along to cover them up. I always like to have one or two tubs of them which can be placed at the back door, or at some strategic point where they bring welcome colour to the rather drab March scene.

BUT of all the bulbs, I think we get most joy from those that flower at the beginning of the year—the small bulbs, snowdrops, bulbous irises, crocuses, and the very first of the miniature daffodils. We have them in the rock garden, right outside the dining-room door. They are wonderful, too, planted in the front of the shrub borders in bold groups, and by judicious planting they can appear as the first actors in a winter scene, to be followed by heaths, thymes, pinks, rock roses and the rest.

In the early days of the year, the snowdrops arrive—*Galanthus Elwesii*, and the different varieties of *G. nivalis*—then come the blue anemones, the many crocuses, especially the lovely varieties of *Crocus chrysanthus*, and *Irish reticulata* or *I. histrioides*. Then all the species of tulips—*Tulipa Kaufmanniana*, *T. tarda*, *T. praestans* Fusilier which produces four flowers on a stem brilliant scarlet and very striking. The choice of small bulbs is endless.

And before we leave the bulbs I must mention the Dutch irises. None of our neighbours seem to have discovered these wonderful irises—so cheap to buy—flowering in early June when the first flush of spring flowers is over, and which, in our experience at least, go on flowering year after year for four years at least. We hope they will last for many more years, and, judging by the present performance, they should be good for a long time yet.

But there are other things in the garden to do besides planting bulbs. The old strawberry bed is probably looking a little neglected just now, and most of the dead foliage should be removed together with any runners, and the soil lightly hoed across between the rows. If a new bed is wanted, the plants should be put in very soon now before the ground gets cold.

It may be a wrench to part with the remains of the summer bedding—the geraniums, dwarf dahlias, petunias and the rest—but if a good show of wallflowers, myosotis, and other spring bedding plants is to be had next year, they should be put in now while the ground is still warm.

This is the time when we should be storing away whatever fruits this summer has given us—apples and pears, onions, shallots and the rest. These need fairly regular inspection for a week or two after being put in store. Any faulty fruits or soft onions may develop a rot and infect all their neighbours, so any doubtful starter should be taken out and used or destroyed right away.



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HUGE VATS in the cellars of the Grande Chartreuse distillery at Voiron are tended by Carthusian monks. Mr. Bickerstaff describes a flying visit to the monastery

## DINING OUT

### *Unquiet weekend*

WHEN Mark Gilbey asked me if I would like to spend a long weekend visiting the Carthusian monastery in the Grande Chartreuse, and informed me that it required no organization on my part, except to appear at his office in Hamilton Place at 8 a.m. on Thursday, and that I should be back in town at the crack of dawn on the following Monday, I accepted with alacrity.

I had visions of a little peace at last—silent cloisters—silent monks—in the remote mountains of Chartreuse, away at last from all the rush and bustle.

Well, there was tranquillity, for a few hours, when we visited the Corrie, a monastic building a mile from the monastery, where the Carthusian Order was founded by St. Bruno in 1084. This has been turned into a museum which reproduces in detail the Carthusian way of life, so that visitors can see exactly how and under what conditions a monk will spend his life, without disturbing the monks themselves who are cloistered away from the world in the monastery nearby. The Corrie is, in fact, a decoy monastery so that the interest of the public can be satisfied and the monks left in peace. It was, of course, of immense interest, set in the middle of remote, lovely and magnificent scenery.

HOWEVER, I must come down to more mundane matters, such as eating and drinking and dining out—there was plenty of both. Never for one moment did I imagine so many events could be crowded into four days and in such interesting and amusing company, which included Sir Tom O'Brien, M.P., Denzil Batchelor, David Cranston, Editor of *Harper's Wine and Spirit Gazette* (he had certainly plenty of opportunity for trying variations of both), Christopher Hennessey, Editor of *The Universe*, Hugo Wortham, distinguished journalist, and, as if I hadn't seen enough of him lately, the eminent George Gulley in person, and, of course, our host, Mark Gilbey.

On arrival at London Airport, having got past the customs barrier, I insisted on having a large Scotch at 9 a.m., just to strike a blow for freedom and to celebrate that at last there was a bar where visitors could "have one," no matter what the hour.

We then flew to Paris on the Alitalia Line and had the Italian idea of breakfast in the air for a short trip, which I thought sensible and adequate—thin slices of ham, tongue and cheese, on brown bread and butter, with orange juice.

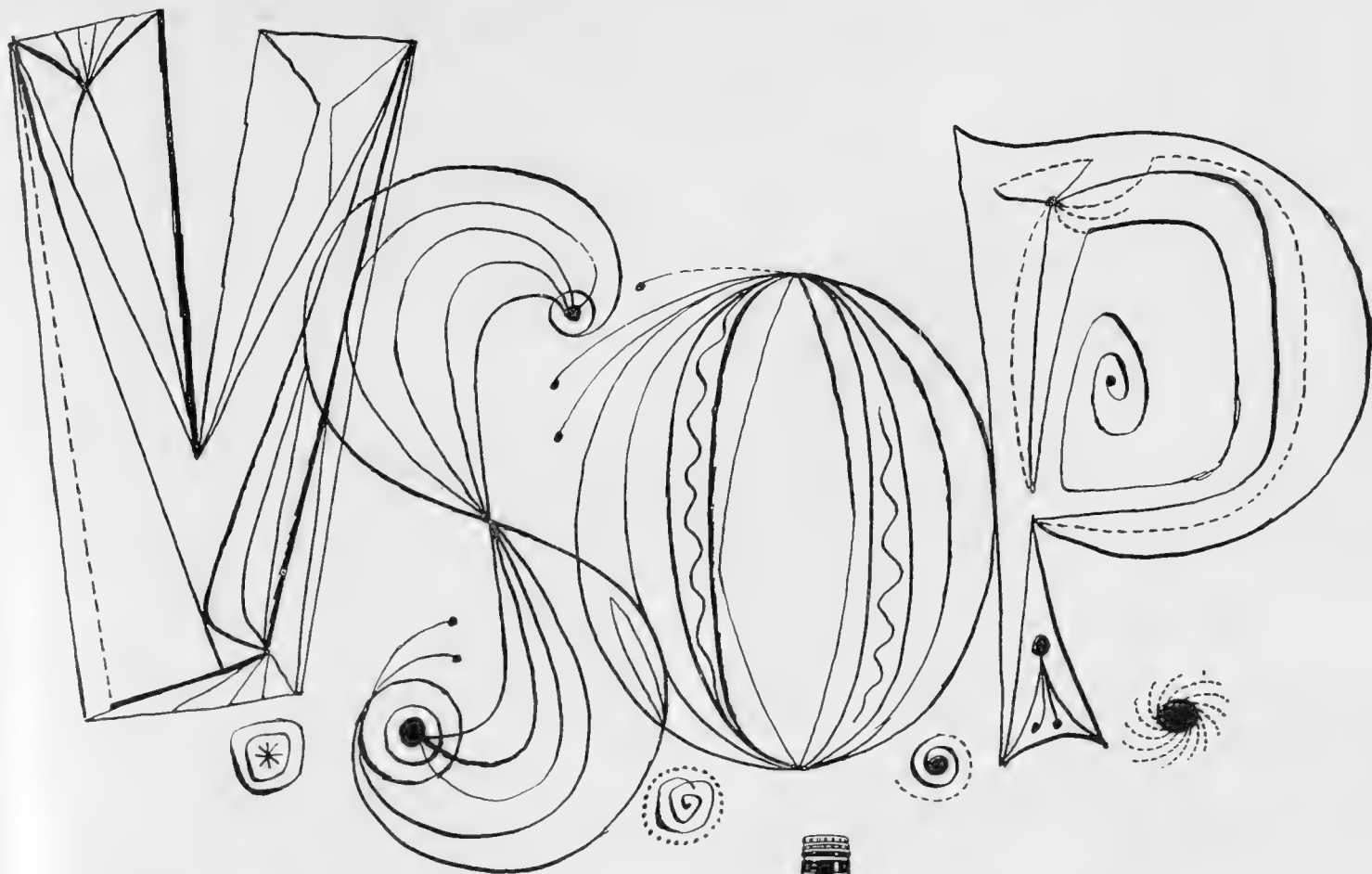
There were cars waiting at Orly Airport and off we went to the bar at the Ritz in Paris for champagne cocktails; there were eight of us and we had sixteen cocktails, which cost about £1 less than they would have cost at several of London's best hotels.

THEN away to Lyons on one of the crack trains of France—Le Mistral—and an excellent table d'hôte lunch: *Hors-d'oeuvres*, *omelette Bonne Femme*, *filet de boeuf perigieuse*, cheese and a *bombe glacée*, for 1,200 francs, say £1 4s.

Now when people complain about meals on English trains, would they be prepared to pay a minimum of £1 4s. for lunch? They don't seem to mind in France, but I'm sure many would in England where the price is 9s. 6d. Whether, if they did, they would get the same quality of cooking and presentation is another matter entirely.

The wines, with the exception of champagne, were young, mostly without a year, and varied in price, translated into English money, from 5s. to 8s. per half bottle, i.e. from 10s. to 16s. per bottle for very ordinary wine. Champagne '49s and '52s were £2 2s. per bottle. The rest of our visit will be described next week.

—I. Bickerstaff



## What do these famous letters mean?



**N**O ONE seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous \* markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. *The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good*

*enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.*

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

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you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

## HENNESSY

V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

*P.S.—Hennessy \*\*\* is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.*

*Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.*







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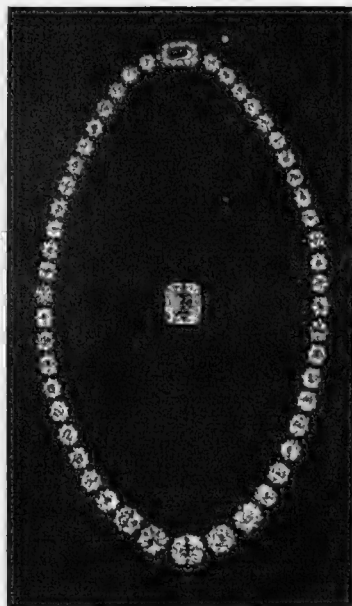
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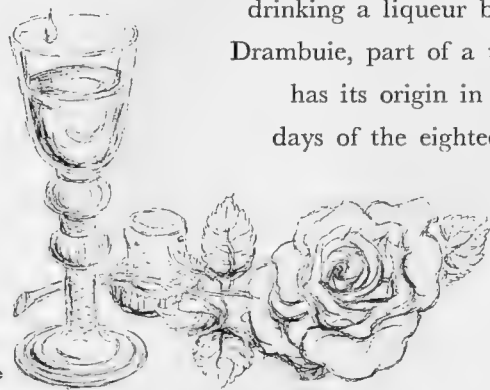
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# Drambuie

## Doctor in Love



**RICHARD GORDON**

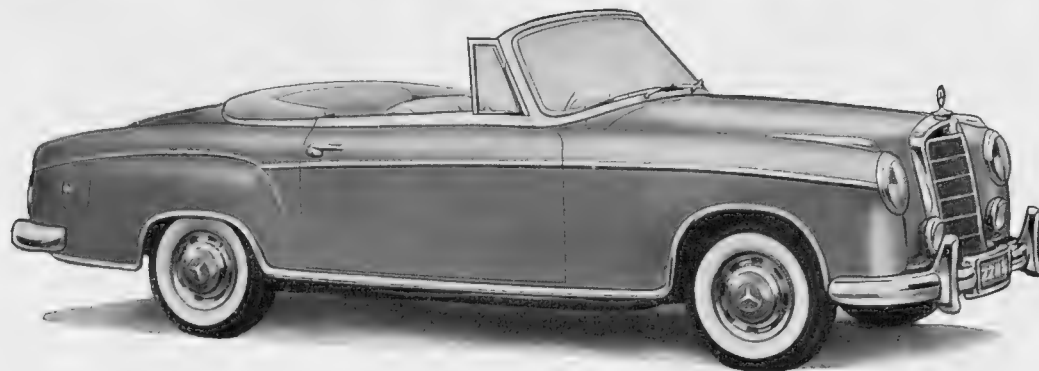
In his new book (which is just out) Richard Gordon decides that a doctor needs a wife, and despite many hilarious hazards he finds one. *Doctor in Love* will delight all those who roared with laughter at *Doctor in the House* and the other "Doctor" books. Price 12/6



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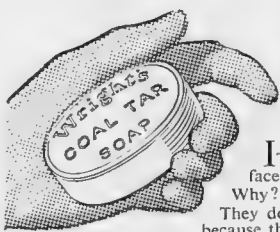
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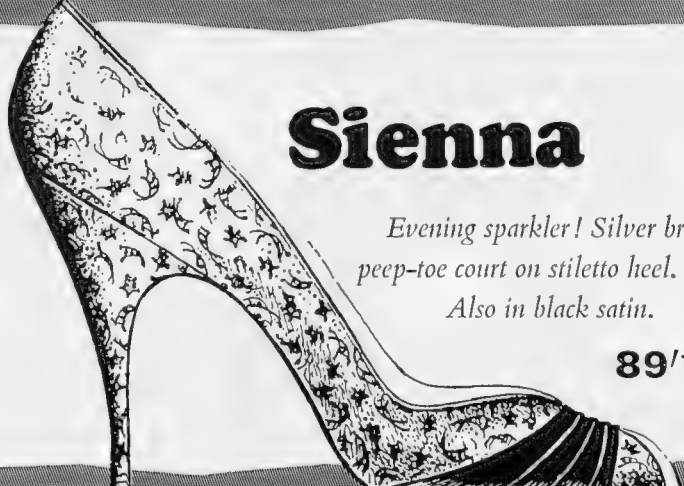


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# A man— his hobby—and a very personal cigarette...

An actor for 47 years, and for most of them a star—that's Ernest Thesiger. If you've been lucky enough to see one of his many plays or films, you'll have admired the originality which he brings to every part he plays.

Ernest Thesiger is a painter too, yet he finds time to add to his many collections; loveliest of all, perhaps, the vases, jugs, goblets and candlesticks in silver glass lustre which glow with colour in his London flat.

Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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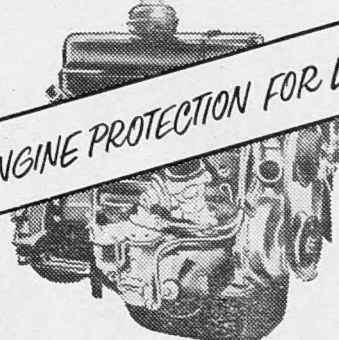
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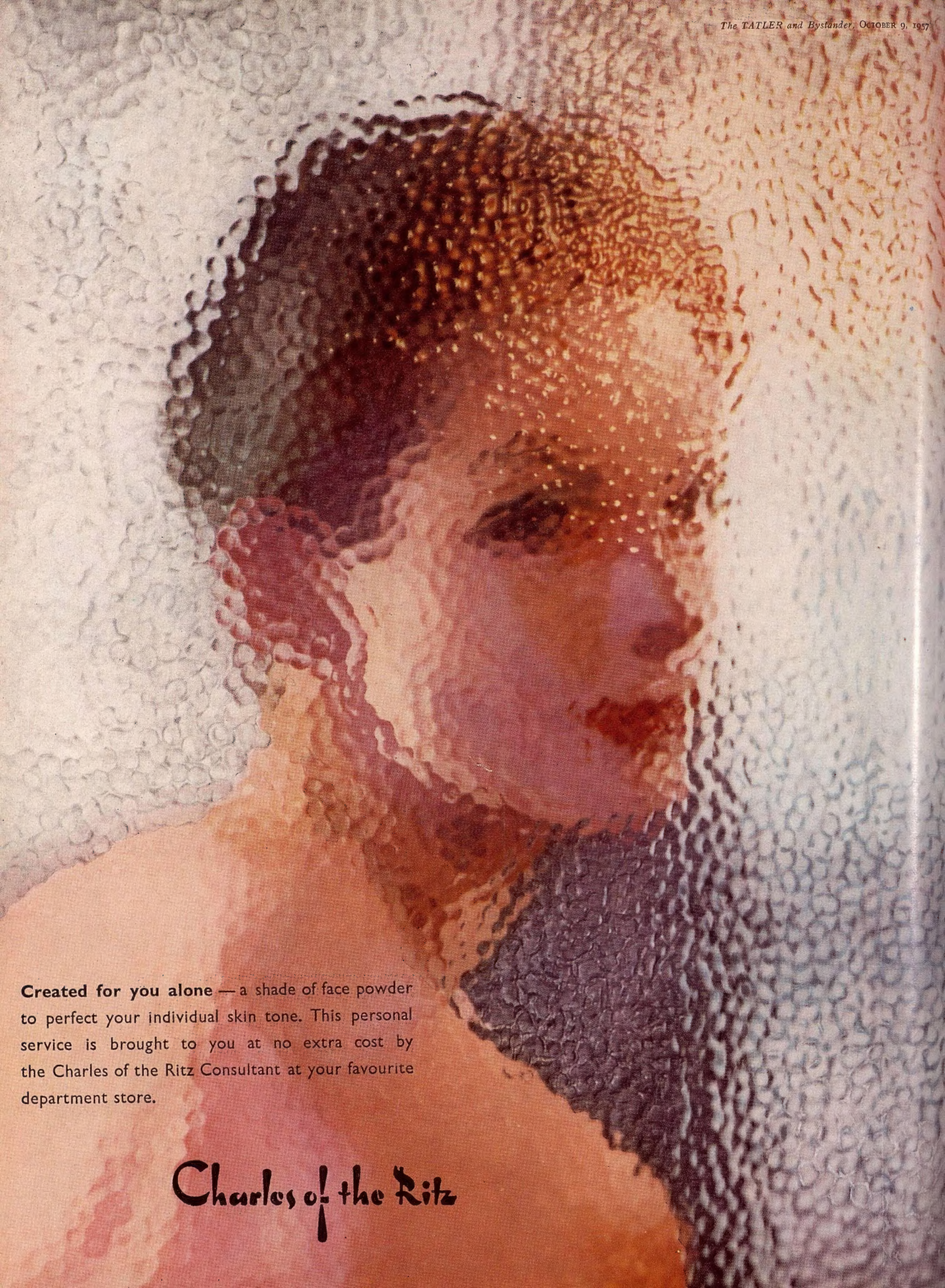
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